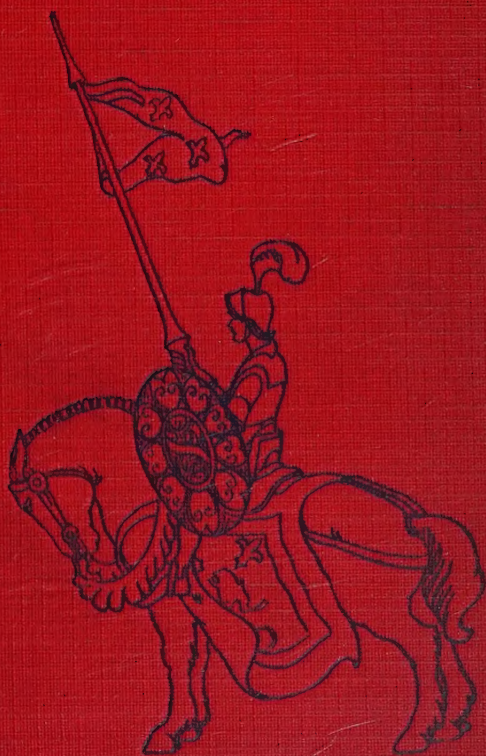


THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

And Other Sermons In Story By
ROBERT HUGH MORRIS



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THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

AND OTHER SERMONS IN STORY



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The Prince at the Pig's Gate

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

And Other Sermons

in Story by

ROBERT HUGH MORRIS

With Illustrations by

PAUL MARTIN



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HARPER BROTHERS

PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

TO ALL MY FRIENDS WHO HAVE SAID,
"WHY DON'T YOU PUBLISH A VOLUME OF YOUR
OWN STORIES?" HERE IT IS. * MAY ITS
SIMPLE NARRATIVES FIND YOU AND
YOUR CHILDREN EQUALLY YOUNG OF HEART.

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THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE



THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

THERE was once a king whose eldest son was very proud and haughty. You can hardly wonder at that when you think how the Prince was surrounded all the time by people who flattered him. They knew he would be king if he lived longer than his father, which was very probable, and as they wanted to stand well with the future king they all told him how wonderful he was. The young ladies all looked at him, and smiled, and told him that he was the handsomest man they ever saw. This made him vain and conceited. The young men told him he was the best horseman and the best swordsman and the best at tilts-at-arms of any man in all the realm, and that made him very proud. Moreover, because he was the Prince, and other people gave way to him, he was impatient of any kind of advice or restraint.

While still a very small lad, an old Friar, who was sometimes invited to the palace, called

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the little prince, "Prince Ephane." Although that was not his real name, the young prince liked it, and it became the name by which he was known best. This is the more surprising because "Ephane," in the language spoken in his father's city, meant "proud." You see, Ephane did not object to being called "the proud one."

All this worried the King very much, for he knew that no man was fit to rule others who could not rule his own spirit. The King talked with the Queen and his many advisers as to what was the best way to give the Prince the lessons that he needed. One old courtier, called Grand Vizier or something like that, talked long with the King. So did the Friar, who lived outside the city, in the edge of a great forest on a road that led away from the city of the King to the great world outside. What these men advised the King to do we do not know and can only guess from what the King actually did.

One day the King told the Prince:

"I want you to go on a long journey and make friends with the kings and princes and princesses and nobles of other lands. You are

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to be gone a whole year, and will be your own master while you are away; but you must remember that you are not the Prince in the other countries you visit, and you must obey the laws and customs of the land where you find yourself."

This just suited the young Prince. He could have a great time. He smiled to think of the possible adventures by the way, of the princes of other lands whom he would unhorse in jousts at arms, of the fair princesses who would smile at him and tell him how handsome he was, and of the nobles who would crowd around him and listen to his words and say, "What a wise young man this Prince is!"

So one morning away rode the Prince, on his white charger, dressed in white armor, and with a big white plume waving from his casque, out of the "King's Gate," as the largest and finest gate to the city was called. As he passed the cottage where dwelt the old monk, that reverend Friar was standing by the roadside, and he spoke to the Prince and wished him a happy and prosperous journey. The Prince was so puffed up that he hardly re-

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turned the salute of the Friar, and merely grunted instead of saying, "Thank you."

He rode so well, and had such a good horse that by nightfall the Prince had gone beyond the part of the country which he knew. He kept looking for a palace of some kind where he could spend the night. No palace was seen, no castle, not even a large house. He did see a small stone hut, and rode up to it.

"Who lives here?" the Prince demanded of an old woman who stood at the door.

"Peter the Ploughman," said the old woman.

"I am Prince Ephane," said the Prince, "and am going to distant lands on important business for my father. I want a place to stay overnight."

The old woman told him that theirs was a very humble cottage, not fit for a great Prince, and that he had better look further.

"The blacksmith," she said, "lives about a league down this road. He has a larger cottage than this and is the richest man in this valley."

This all sounded good to the Prince, for he did not know what a blacksmith was, and fancied he would find a place where servants would wait on him and where he would be

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given a supper in golden plates, and sent to sleep in a fine bed like the one in his palace. He was tired and hungry, and he did not speak very courteously to the blacksmith when he got there. In fact, the Prince was disappointed and disgusted when he saw the blacksmith's cottage. True, it was larger than the one in the forest, but still a very humble place for one who was accustomed to a palace. The smith and his wife and children did all they could to please the Prince, and they really gave him a good supper, waiting on him the best they knew how. But the Prince was angry that they did not have better fare and a better bed in which he might sleep. He grumbled to the smith, who said:

"It gives me great sorrow, my lord, that I have no place worthy of a prince; but I give you the best I have. We live here all the days of our life, and I venture to say that what common people endure and even enjoy for a lifetime will not hurt a prince for one night."

This was so near to a rebuke that the Prince would have quarreled with the smith if he had not been so tired that he wanted to sleep. And so, grumbling, he went to bed. To tell

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the truth, he slept very well, and felt much better next day as he set forth, with scarcely a word of thanks to the smith and his good wife.

It was many days, and the Prince had slept in worse beds than that in the smith's cottage, before he arrived at last in sight of the city where lived and reigned one of the kings to whom his father had sent him with letters. After some delay he was able to present these letters, but not to the king himself. The letters were taken by a big black man, who took them to a lord of some rank. But the Prince did not see the king nor any of the king's family for several days. This made the Prince angry, but there was nothing he could do about it, so he sat in his room, or walked about, or ate his meals, almost if not quite alone.

Five days after his arrival the Prince was told he would be received by the king. The Prince thought that now his day of triumph had come. He could picture himself the observed of all observers. He was dressed in the best and handsomest clothes he owned, and really did make a very fine figure; but little

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good did that do him, for the king merely gave him the royal hand to kiss, and said:

"I know your father, and a great and good man he is. I hope you are patterning after him. Let this palace be your home as long as you care to be my guest. If you wish to ride in any of the tournaments, look over the schedules and speak to the editor of the games. Any of the palace servants will take you to the editor."

The king turned then to greet others, and the Prince found himself standing in the background. He was told that the two very gay and handsome young men around whom all the young ladies were gathered were the princes, the sons of the king whose guest Ephane was. These handsome fellows would nod to him and speak pleasantly, but the princess and her ladies-in-waiting did not so much as look in his direction. You can fancy how this hurt the vain Prince. Instead of being the one at whom all the ladies stared, no one, except maid-servants, gave him more than a passing glance.

The Prince visited all the cities, but in each one he found that the other princes and lords were the important people. He had been foolish indeed for this to have had no effect upon

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his vanity, but deep in his heart there was still a very haughty and stubborn pride. In one of the kingdoms where he was a guest he entered the lists of a great tourney. He was sure he was the best horseman, and that with his lance he could unseat any knight in the lists. On the day of the jousts, Ephane put on his white armor, white casque with white plume, and waited for the signal. When it came, down the field he rode at full tilt. He had been paired, according to his rank, with the younger of the two princes of that country, Prince Flewer. Ephane made a gallant figure as he charged against his adversary. But so did the adversary, Prince Flewer. At their first clash, Ephane drove his spear full tilt against the shield of the native prince, but to his great surprise and chagrin, his lance broke, and Prince Flewer was still in his saddle. Ephane had skillfully avoided receiving his adversary's full blow. Or, it may be, Prince Flewer had not tried very hard to unseat his guest.

Prince Ephane was given a new lance, and he rode to his end of the lists to await the bugle call. By and by the "charge" was

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sounded, and with a tremendous clatter of hoofs and a cloud of dust, Ephane and Flewer rode furiously at each other. With a thumping, clashing, splintering noise lances met shields in the final shock of the encounter. Neither lance was broken this time, but Prince Flewer had skillfully twisted his shield at the moment his opponent's lance struck it, so that he parried its blow. Prince Ephane was not so fortunate or so skillful, and he was fairly unseated and pushed from the saddle. The big fine animal which Ephane rode swerved as he had been trained to do; a moment later a white-armored prince was floundering in the dust. He was hurt a little by the shock and the fall, but what made it so much worse for him to bear was that everybody applauded the brave young fellow who had unhorsed him. It stung Ephane to believe that the ladies and gentlemen were all laughing at him. Although he had been hurt somewhat by the fall, he claimed it had been a foul of some kind, and demanded a new trial. The spectators became angry when they knew that the foreign prince had charged their prince with unfair play. Ephane could feel their anger and rising hatred, but he

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would not let himself offer an apology for the insult which he believed had been offered him. Again when the bugle sounded, Ephane spurred his horse, and away he dashed. Prince Flewer was riding just as hard from the other end of the field, and when they came together there was a crash which people heard a mile away. Once more Ephane found himself on the ground, with Flewer still sitting in the saddle. Ephane was hurt, and his armor was soiled and dented. The plume was broken from the helmet, and the helmet itself had come off and rolled about in the dust.

After this Ephane got out of the field and nursed his sore body and sorer mind for ten days. Then he felt strong enough for a new contest, and he challenged Prince Flewer to a duel at sword-play. It was not to be a duel to kill, but to be fought with swords the points of which were covered with a little block of wood.

At the time set for this "bout" many lords and ladies came into one of the great halls of the palace of Prince Flewer's father. The king himself was there. Everything was arranged beautifully, and Ephane was sure he would

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outfight Flewer, for he was a skillful man with a sword. But he had been fighting only a few moments when he realized that he was at play with a strong, cool, cunning fencer. Try as he would, Ephane could not get past Flewer's guard, while Flewer gave Ephane two or three smart knocks on the ribs with the little wooden button at the point of his sword. After long and exhausting effort, Ephane's wrists began to pain him, and he admitted he had enough and that Flewer was as superior with the foils as he had been in the lists.

A whole year went by, and Ephane had had adventures of many kinds in many places. Most of these had hurt his pride. At last he could turn his face toward his own land. He began to swell with his old pride as he neared the city where his father was king. He rode through the forest without stopping to greet the old monk. When he came in sight of the city he was met by some of the lords of the court who told him the King had said he must enter the city by way of the Pig's Gate.

The city, like all cities of that time, had high walls and could be entered only by a gate. There were many gates, one called the King's

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Gate, one the Prince's Gate, one the Merchant's Gate. There was one gate through which pigs were driven in for the markets. It was on the north side of the city, and was the smallest of them all. It was a humble gate, used only by swineherds and shepherds. It made the Prince angry to think he would have to get into his father's city through the Pig's Gate. But as all the other gates were closed, and as soldiers were on guard at each gate, as well as on the walls, he had to make a virtue of necessity, and go around to the Pig's Gate. There the soldiers were on guard too, and they told him that it was the King's command that Ephane must enter this gate in such a way that no part of himself or of his clothing should touch the inner frame of the gate as he was entering.

The Prince had bought himself a new plume, and, of course, was wearing it. The gate was so low that his plume touched as he tried to ride in, and the soldiers caught the horse and led it out, the Prince seated, angry but helpless, upon its back. Then the soldiers closed the gate. They told him it was by order of the King, and that he could not even try again until next day.

This made the Prince angrier than ever, but

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he could do nothing to change the situation, so he rode back toward the forest. As he passed the cottage of the Friar, that holy man stood by the road and asked him to come in and rest overnight. He was glad to do this, and he told the Friar what had happened. That good old man said:

“To-morrow, take off your armor, and perhaps you can get through without touching any part of the gate.”

He then gave the Prince bread and cheese, with milk to drink, and showed him a small bed where he could rest. Early on the morrow, Ephane left his armor, and rode in plain clothes up to the gate. Either it had been bewitched, or else cunning workmen had fitted frames into the original gate, for it looked smaller than it had looked the day before. He could not get through without touching, and once more the soldiers turned him back, telling him he must wait two days.

Of course he went back to the Friar, who took care of him for the two days. Ephane was so angry that he threatened to go away and never return. But his memory of all he had suffered in strange lands for a twelve-

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month made him get up on the morn of the day for a new trial. He was in a much more humble frame of mind, and asked the advice of the Friar, who said:

"I have here, O Prince, a donkey, upon which you may ride. Your war-horse is so big that you cannot ride him through the Pig's Gate without touching. This is a small and humble beast, but you will remember that the Greatest of our race once rode upon a donkey."

It was without armor or fine clothes, but with his sword at his side, that the Prince came up again to the Pig's Gate. Again it had become smaller. He was given two trials, but both times he touched some part of the gate while trying to get through. The soldiers said he would have to wait four days. Back to the Friar he went. He had come to like the good and pious old man. They talked a long time that night, and when the day came that he might try again, the Friar went with him up to the gate. The Prince had laid aside his sword, and was on foot. He had left behind him everything which would mark him as a prince. He even went barefoot, like the Friar. But his heart sank to see how small the gate

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looked as they stood before it again. He walked up to it, but soon saw that it would be only by stooping that he could even start through. The passage was dark in the middle, for the walls were very thick. He feared to lose his trial, especially since the soldiers, by royal command, told him that if he failed this time, he would be made to wait eight days before another trial.

Poor Ephane was very much changed. He was no longer proud and haughty. He asked the advice of the Friar, who said:

"Let us ask the Highest of All what to do."

The Friar knelt down and bowed his face to the ground, and prayed for guidance. The Prince knelt at his side, and bowed very low. He had never felt so humble or so happy. He whispered to the Friar, and asked if he might not go back to the cottage and be a friar like his holy friend. The Friar said:

"No, O Prince, for other and greater work is demanded of a prince. Pray for guidance."

While he knelt praying for guidance, a voice seemed to say to him:

"You might try to enter on your knees."

It may have been the Friar's voice, or it may

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have been an inner voice; or it may have been *The Voice*. Humbly, on his knees and elbows, crawling in the dust where sheep, goats and pigs had gone before him, and all the time praying that he might not touch the sides of the gate, Ephane at length passed through the Pig's Gate—and found himself in the city! Looking up, Ephane saw his royal father, with the queen, and many of the lords and ladies of the court, awaiting him. Ephane was humbled and somewhat ashamed to be seen in such soiled garments, crawling in the dust. He went over to his father and fell at his feet and cried out:

“Father, I see it all now. I was so full of pride and vanity that I was not fit to be your son. I am not fit or worthy to be the Prince. Let my younger brother take my place, and let me go live with the good old Friar, and be like him.”

But his father caught him up and said:

“You are just becoming worthy to reign. You must stay here and learn lessons of statecraft, for I shall be called hence some day, and my people must have a good and wise man to rule over them.”

And the soldiers saluted him, while servants

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robed him in royal apparel. A little later, when the dust had been washed away, he was clad in new white armor, and on his helmet was a new and beautiful white plume. Mounted upon a white horse, he was led through the streets, while heralds proclaimed the return of the Prince, and the people went wild with joy and shouted,

“God save our King, and God save our royal Prince.”



MIRIAM CAPTURES THE PIRATES

MIRIAM's father was certainly "a reglar feller." Not that Miriam ever called him that, but she must have felt it when her father played "bear" with her. As long ago as she could remember, and she was now "goin' on four," father would get down on his knees and elbows, growl terribly, run under the table, and pretend that he was in a cave, looking out and daring any one to enter.

Miriam had never been very much afraid of this good-natured bear, but sometimes she would pretend to be "awf'ly f'ightened." After a while though, she would take a broom, or some other handy weapon of defense, and shoot "Mr. Bear" with a terrible big "boom." "Mr. Bear" always got the full effect of the first shot: he would roll his eyes, show his teeth, growl, fall over on his side, kick, and lie still. This was the signal for Miriam to run into the cave and pull the bear out.

At other times, Miriam's father played

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“pirate”; he had a long mustache made from the stiff hairs of a horse’s tail. He would stick this on his upper lip, put some black stuff on his eyebrows, pull his hair down over his forehead and an old hat down about his ears. Miriam had learned who her father was in this character:—he was Captain Kidd, the famous pirate. He certainly looked the part. In fact, to Miriam her father was a success whether he played bear or pirate, or mooing cow, cooing pigeon, or mewling cat. But his most successful part, so Miriam thought, was pirate.

Miriam lived with her father and mother in a part of the state of North Carolina where the mountains had grown up bigger than they had anywhere else for hundreds of miles. Miriam’s father had been sent down there by some good men and women who were called a “Board.” Miriam did not know what kind of “*board*” it was. She knew that her father conducted church meetings, preached sermons, went to see people who were sick or in trouble, buried people who were dead, sometimes married young folks to each other, and baptized little babies. What she did not know was that her father had made some men very angry with him by what he had

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said in one of his sermons. There is some doubt about what it was that he had said. It may have been something about the way a few of the mountain people disobeyed the laws of the nation, or the way they treated their families, or the way they drank some fiery stuff which made them ride their horses as fast as the horses could run, and made them shoot off their guns and yell and shriek and say terrible things.

Whatever it was that her father had said, it made some of the mountain men very angry, and several of them got together one night at Bill Sutton's house. They talked a long time about Miriam's father. They called him the "Yankee Parson." Some of the men thought he should be shot; others were for hanging him; still others for giving him a "coat of tar and feathers." But all these things were finally voted down and it was decided to tell him to leave the community within twenty-four hours. Bill Sutton was appointed spokesman of the committee of three which was to call on the parson and tell him "to git." Bill went over and over in his mind what he would say. It went something like this:

"Now, Parson, you means well, no doubt,

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but yer made some of the boys plumb mad, and they ain't open to reason. I come down here to tell yer, yer better cl'ar out of these here mountings in the next twenty-four hours. I will be responsible for the good behavior of all these yer citizens around yere up to this time tomorrow; but arter that, I ain't responsible for nothin' they says or does."

Bill thought over what he would say a great many times, but he finally came back to just about the same words, and he was rather certain that the parson would take the hint and leave the "mountings" as soon as he could get out.

They were not handsome, these three big men who came down into the clearing before the little parsonage. They were rough, hairy fellows with long drooping mustaches and hard bony bodies. They spoke with a soft drawl, but you could tell they were hard men. As these three, with Bill Sutton in the lead, stopped in front of the parsonage, they looked as fierce and as well armed as if they were going out to fight the most blood-thirsty Indians that ever lived.

These three were the men who had come to

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warn the minister that it would be very wise for him to leave for other and healthier communities.

They came into the little yard in front of the small house and called out, "Hello! Anybody home?" Miriam's father was back on the hillside a short distance, and her mother had gone to the spring to get some water, but Miriam opened the door and stepped out into the little yard. What she saw delighted her more than anything she had seen in all her life. Here were three real pirates. To Miriam they looked deliciously piratical,—especially Bill Sutton. The truth is, Bill was uncomfortable and just a little bit ashamed of himself.

Miriam began to laugh and dance and say, "O Captain Kidd, I am so glad to see you."

When she ran from one to the other of the men and pointed her baby finger at them and said, "Bang, bang," and added, "You're dead, Mr. Pirate," Bill and the other two men were so confused that they didn't know what to say. Miriam continued to shoot the mountaineers with her precious baby finger, and to make it quite clear to all concerned that the pirates were killed dead enough to be hauled off and buried.

MIRIAM CAPTURES THE PIRATES

Bill thought it time to start things in earnest. He coughed and cleared his throat in an alarming way, trying to frighten the little girl; but Miriam thought it was part of the game, so she said, "Now he is a wolf. Just hear him bark." This so surprised the embarrassed Bill that he nearly choked; but he managed to growl out some word which sent Miriam into a gale of laughter, in the belief that the big man was now playing "bear."

Unable to make much headway against this lovely and unfrightened little miss, Bill retreated and sent one of his fellow committeemen back to the siege. The second man, Jack, was no more successful than Bill had been. Something especially ugly about him appealed to the little maid, who ran up and threw her small white arms around Jack's knees. Jack beat a hasty retreat, dragging little Miriam, who held on tight, and laughed with glee as she said, "Get up, hossy." This "hossy" finally shook off his unusual and bewitching rider, and a third brave man started in to conquer the little maid and learn whether her father was at home. Miriam's sudden release of Jack's knee had left her sprawling on the ground, but

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unhurt and still laughing gaily. The third man, Jim by name, stooped to pick her up as he would have picked up any other child; to put her on her feet and then make her tell where her father was. The little girl managed without either one knowing exactly how, to get into the rough fellow's arm, and was soon seated on a high shoulder with her arms around a very hairy neck, kicking her small bare heels against hard ribs, and urging her steed to travel faster.

Jim did travel, in the direction of his companions where, with a meaning look in his eye, he said to them, "'Sfer as I am consarned, this here committee is now and pizenly dissolved, and I hereby announces that I ain't got nothin' to say one way nor t'other to infloonce ary pusson in this yer state to move out to no other state."

Jack, who could still feel the pressure of soft little fingers around his knee, rose to the occasion and remarked, "I seconds the motion; and I further announces that any son-of-a-gun who has any sech statements to make to the parson, or to anybody else connected with this yer young lady's fambly, had better make them at

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sometime when my years and this yer rifle of mine hain't neither one a-workin'."

Just what Bill would have added to the record of this upset meeting, no one can say, for at that moment an astonished parson walked around the corner of his cabin. He stopped in amazement at the picture before him. There were three as vicious-looking men as could be found anywhere in the mountains, earnestly talking with one another. Perched high on the shoulder of one of them, her little white hands holding on for dear life to the mat of scraggly, bushy red hair, was his infant daughter. Seeing her father, she turned loose the red hair and bounced so unsteadily on Jim's shoulders that he threw up his hands to keep her from falling.

"The little minx," Jim thought to himself, "ain't a-scared a-tall. She knowed I wouldn't let her drap."

Miriam's father advanced with a smile on his face, and his hand outstretched.

"Howdy friends," he said. "I am glad to see you. Come right in and we'll see if we can't find a bite to eat and something to smoke."

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The men looked at one another in a sheepish way. A slight sly nod accompanied by a lifting of the right eyebrow of each of the three committeemen, and Mr. Sutton squared himself, advanced a few steps, lifted his head, threw out his chest, and said:

"Parson, us three yere is a committee. We hear tell how you preached a sarmon in which you told we'uns which side of the hoss we was a-gittin' down off'n. Now some of these yere pizen-minded critters 'round this section of the mountings, got sorta peeved with you'uns about it, and they were up for makin' it kinder hot fer yer. But us yere is a committee what has come yere to announce to yer and the missus that we'll just lick the natural tar out of any clodhopper what lifts his hand or norates his face to bother ye. All yer got to do, Parson, is ter let ary one of us know who's a-botherin' yer and we'll make him plum onpopular in these here mountings."

It is not recorded what the parson said but it makes little difference. It is, however, a known fact that an hour later the parson and three raw-boned, hard-headed, but brave and kind-hearted men, were sitting on home-made

MIRIAM CAPTURES THE PIRATES

benches out in the parson's yard, smoking the pipe of peace, exchanging yarns, laughing heartily, and otherwise showing that there was real friendship springing up between them and the "Yankee Parson."

Now and then, a winsome little miss would run out of the house, race by the group, shoot two or three of them with a pearly-pointed white finger and a childish "boom," and retreat to the fastnesses of her mother's encircling arms.

Love hath her victories no less renowned than hate.



OLD ROVER

“HELLOO-OO-OO.”

The stranger, after the custom of rural south Georgia, had stopped his horse just outside the front gate of a lonely-looking farmhouse, and was calling to attract the attention of someone in the house.

While lonely-looking, and far from the madding crowd, or any other kind of crowd, the stranger noted that this was a better-than-usual farmhouse. It had been painted white, with green shutters at the windows. It looked neat and clean. No trash littered the yard. Oleanders and cape jessamines, artfully placed, and a huge bed of verbenas flaunting their gay colors in the late afternoon sunlight, told plainly that women of refinement lived out here in this seemingly endless pine forest.

But what most attracted the stranger's attention was a dog which sat in state at the foot of the front steps of the farmhouse. What breed of dog he was, no one could ever say.

OLD ROVER

Part hound; or else why those long, droopy ears? Part mastiff; or else whence that powerful, square-cut jaw? It is entirely within reason to think that this big, solemn, dignified animal held in his veins the blood of half a dozen varieties:—setter, pointer, great Dane, collie, with a dash or two of terrier to add seasoning, like pepper in the hash!

The stranger had little time to guess the old dog's breed, for a woman appeared at the front door and answered the halloo of the wayfarer.

"My name's Mayo, ma'am," he said. "I'm on my way from Baxley to Thomasville. I'm driving through because I'm a school-teacher, changing schools; and I have to get my horse and buggy over there some time."

This was the stranger's introduction of himself. He knew he would be asked to stay over night; and that he would be more than welcome in this lonely place if for no other reason than for the sake of the news he brought with him of the outside world.

"My husband'll be up in a half-hour, Mr. Mayo," said the woman. "Will you drive across to the lot, and unhitch your horse?"

While engaged in getting his horse cared for,

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

the woman's husband came. He made Mr. Mayo feel welcome. His name he said was Tuton.

They entered the yard and approached the steps. The big dog which apparently had not moved from his royal seat, was at that moment attending to certain personal matters. In the slowest, funniest way he was wagging one hind foot in the general direction of his ear. He may have been trying to chase a flea from where it had remained too long for his peace; but if so, he was not disturbing the flea very much. The dignified and slow strokes of the big hind foot hit a flopping ear about once in every four licks. Maybe the dog was just dusting an ear; or else, waving welcome to Mr. Tuton and his guest.

Mr. Mayo thought, now that he was close enough to see, that this big dog must be very old. His eyes were dim from age, and when he rose to greet his master, he wobbled on his feet like a very old man.

Mr. Tuton stooped and picked up that huge dog as if he were only a puppy, took him up the steps, and tenderly set him on the porch.

OLD ROVER

He said nothing about the dog, and Mr. Mayo didn't ask.

At supper Mr. Mayo met the daughter. She was a fine, well-educated girl. She had been a student in a small college at McRae. Miss Tuton showed great tenderness for the old dog.

"Old Rover," she explained, "is spoiled, of course. Everybody waits on him, hand and foot. He has to be toted around almost like a baby. Papa will get up any hour of the night to take him out. And Rover knows he's boss, the old rascal!"

Miss Tuton said this, not in a tone of grumbling; she seemed proud that the whole family were willing slaves to old Rover. And they were. That ancient four-legged bunch of every-kind-of-dog had to be fed by hand, led by hand. He was totally blind.

After supper the men took Rover for a walk "down the big road." They could with more comfort have smoked their pipes while seated on the front porch, their feet propped up above their heads,—as is the manner of the South Georgian. Whippoorwills filled the fragrant night air with their cheerful, oft-repeated assertion that a "Chip! fell-out-a-the-white-oak!"

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

Old Rover decided to rest. So the men sat on a rail fence.

"You seem to take great care of your dog, Mr. Tuton," said Mr. Mayo. "Must be some bother to have to feed him by hand, lead him around, and put him to bed as if he were a baby."

"Ol' Rover," said Mr. Tuton, "Rover *is* some bother. But that thar ol' dawg has got a home as long's he kin eat out of a spoon—ef I got one. He ain't much short of fifteen year old; and he may live fifteen more, ef he wants to. Yes, suh! Ol' Rover won't go to no pore house, long's me or my fam'ly's got a home."

"I know you are fond of him, Mr. Tuton. I love dogs, too. Won't you tell me Rover's history?"

Mr. Tuton found his pipe was out. He knocked the bowl against the end of a rail, re-filled with cut-plug (the smoke from which is guaranteed to keep all mosquitoes and other insects at least a mile away from the smoker), borrowed a match, lit the pipe, emitted some clouds of "'skeeter-killer," and said:

"Yes, suh! Mr. Mayo, that thar dawg deserves a good home to the end o' his days, an'

OLD ROVER

he's a-goin' to have one—ef I keep a-livin'. My wife and daughter, they both air as fond o' that thar dawg as what I am, and that's sayin' a heap.

"I've knowed folks," he went on, "who c'd fergit an' did fergit ol' friends. Some on 'em fergits what their own payrents has done for 'em. Thar was Jake Stafford. His paw died when Jake was 'bout five year old. His maw was sick lots with chills-'n-fever. But that woman took in washin' an' mendin', and give Jake the best she c'd afford. She even sent him to McRae, to school. Jake got into a drug-store, as clerk. Later he married the druggist's daughter. He got to be rich—an' he let his old maw be took care of by the county."

Mr. Tuton paused. He was no doubt thinking of Jake's ingratitude.

"You were telling, Mr. Tuton," said Mr. Mayo, "about Rover."

"Yes, suh! You bet I wuz! That thar dawg ain't never goin' to be no charge on this here county, ner any other,—ef I keep a-livin'!"

He didn't seem in much of a mind to tell why. But at last he did, with a lack of feeling that was probably "put on."

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

“My daughter,—the one you seed up thar to the house—was allus fond of pets, p’tic’ly dawgs. One day she come in with a pup, an’ nothin’ ud do but we must keep it. She was eight year old, and the pup were about two-three months. You never seed anything grow like that thar pup. Et us out o’ house an’ home. But when he was three year old, he could lick any dawg in the county. He could lick anything that bother’d him. Licked a wild razor-back boar down in the swamp one day.

“And he was allus with my daughter—never away from her ef he could he’p hisself. We knew she was safe from harm when that thar big dawg was along.

“One day she was comin’ through that big pine thicket over yonder. She’d been out lookin’ for huckleberries, and found ’em, too. She was pickin’ some when she heard Rover growl. She look’ up and seed his hair standin’ up, all along of his back. His teeth were a-shinin’, ’bove and below. For a minit, she kinder tho’t he’d gone mad, and maybe she’d better shinny up a tree and call for he’p.

“Then she seed a wild man over in the bushes. He was black, but my daughter bin

OLD ROVER

brought up with niggers all aroun', and none of 'em ever hurt her or skeered her. But she shore was skeered when she seed this one. Fact is, he was a crazy one. He'd busted out o' Milledgeville, and was walkin' to his home county by instinct, like any other wile beast. My daughter scream', an' the crazy nigger start for her. But thar's where ol' Rover come in.

"He run for that black man, he give one big jump, and he was all mixed up with black wool and black hide. As luck w'd have it, I was in the house. I hear'd the hollerin', and I run with my double-barrel' gun—buck-shot in one side, bird-shot in t' other. My daughter was runnin' for the house, and ol' Rover was a-keepin' that crazy nigger interested.

"You never seed such a fight. An' the crazy fellow'd a kilt Rover—only I let 'em both have a load o' bird-shot. I'd a used t' other barrel, only I didn't wanter kill the dawg. The nigger got most of them bird-shot, and it skeered him sensible. Last I seen of him he was runnin' like forty rabbits. But they ketched him some'er's, and put him back.

"Ol' Rover was pretty bad bunged up—fightin' a crazy giant. An' we picked a few

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

bird-shot outer his skin. Somehow his eyes was hurt. Maybe a bird shot or two got in 'em. I don' know. But anyways, when he got well his sight wa'n't very good. That's been twelve year—and ol' Rover's plum blind now. Yes, suh; he *is* some bother, feedin' him, and totin' him up and down steps. But he's wuth it. An' besides, I ain't no kin to Jake Stafford. I got some gratitood in me. So has my daughter, and so has my wife."

Mr. Mayo said he could well believe it.

These people were grateful to a dog. They did not forget him. God has done for each one of us far more than Old Rover did for his master and that master's daughter. God has *given* us life, He has kept us living by giving us air to breathe, food to eat, home and friends. He has given us our great Friend and Elder Brother, Who died that we might live.



AN AIRPLANE WHICH PUMPED MUD

AN AIRPLANE had fallen near a little brook on a man's farm up in New Hampshire. The pilot of the plane had not been killed but he was so badly shaken up and scared that he lost all interest in his flying-machine. They took him to the hospital and left the damaged plane lying where it fell.

The farmer on whose land the plane had fallen wanted to build a dam so that he could use the force of the water to generate electricity to light his house and barn. He went to see the man who owned the wrecked machine, and bought it from him for a small sum. He dragged it down to the place where he wished to make the dam and rigged up a kind of endless belt with iron buckets fastened on the outside of the belt. He had placed the engine of the wrecked airplane in a frame, and out on the other side of the dam he built a large wheel. He ran the belt, with the buckets on it, from

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

the engine's fly wheel to the big wheel, and began to pump mud with it. Now, just think of it! A machine which had been built to fly; a machine which had flitted around in the air, above the trees and the house-tops, and over the biggest hills, and which had been jumping and playing hide and seek in and around the clouds, now pumping mud!

In the Bible we read of another kind of airplane, for one of the writers says, "the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Yes, these air-machines of ours which we call our mouths were made to sing, to shout with joy, to tell the truth, to comfort our friends and make those friends glad. They were not made to use as pumps for mud-like scandal, bad stories, angry words, or any kind of lies. Let's be sure we use our airplane tongues to

AN AIRPLANE WHICH PUMPED MUD

fly up in the blue sky of pure and truthful speech. No one should be willing for his tongue to be used for pumping mud.



THE SODA FOUNT

MAYBE you don't know about Mike Markaros' new soda fount. If you haven't seen it, you still have something in store for you. It is a gorgeous affair, of marble and mirrors, of shiny spigots and silvery tubes.

That long row of shiny spigots is the pride of Mike Markaros' heart. Just read the flavors of syrups: chocolate, ginger, lemon, sarsaparilla, strawberry,—and every other flavor from anise to vanilla, and beyond.

When Mike first got his fount set up and going, he had only one kind of flavoring: chocolate. As soon as he could spare the time, he intended to make some kind of syrup for every one of those little reservoirs. There would be mint, and such a green color it would be! There would be orange,—and pure gold, melted, would not be more golden in color. Mike was an artist: his fellow-countrymen (some hundreds of years ago) had built a temple called the Parthenon; and another Mike (only

THE SODA FOUNT

his name was then called Phidias) had made some marble horses with marble riders, dashing forever around that same temple. Pouff! What were the friezes of the Parthenon to those twenty shiny silver spigots, which would soon be fountains from which would gush sweet juices, at the touch of Mike's hand. Fountains of Arethusa—bah! Here were fountains that would bubble with the nectar of the orange, the honey of mint, the—the—. Anyway, there were twenty faucets, and twenty flavors of nectar would flow therefrom.

On that first day of its use, Mike had, you will recall, no other nectar than chocolate. Of that, there was no lack. Four gallons of chocolate syrup rested darkly in four glass bottles. But of other flavor, there was none. Mike set off to secure small quantities of ready-made syrups, to use until he could brew his own. Mrs. Markaros was to rule over the realm of the fountain and the adjacent territories until Mike's return.

Mrs. Markaros tested out the spigots. All were dry.

"What if customers come in?" thought Mrs.

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Markaros. "That Mike, he no think about that."

She looked about until she found the bottles of chocolate. She filled up the chocolate receptacle, and looked for other bottles. Finding none, she shrugged her shoulders, and proceeded to fill several other wells. Into the ones marked "strawberry," "ginger," "vanilla," and "lemon" she poured the thick, dark-brown chocolate.

By and by Mike returned. Two men followed him, bringing a huge basket, from which they took a dozen or more large bottles. These were all labelled. Mike told Mrs. Markaros to fill the wells with each its own kind of syrup. He then went out for other errands.

Mrs. Markaros did not want to mix up good syrups, so she put nothing else in the wells which already held chocolate syrups. She did fill up the others, though.

That afternoon Mike was ready to serve customers from the great new fount. A young man, with two ladies, came in. One called for lemon-phosphate; another for strawberry ice-cream soda; the third wanted a plain vanilla ice-cream soda.

THE SODA FOUNT

Mike picked up a glass, and with a proud sweep of his arm, brought his hand down on the word "lemon." Out into the glass gushed a dark-brown, dirty-looking stream. Mike does not belong to a wasteful race of people. He quietly lifted the cap, and poured the dark liquid back where it came from. He set down the soiled glass, picked up another, and held it under the spigot marked "strawberry." But no delicate pink nectar ran from that spout. Once more the dark-brown fluid found its way back to the well from which it came and to which it did not belong.

A third clean glass was moved toward the faucet marked "vanilla." Mike was half angry, and much confused. What could he do? What could he say? The gentleman and the ladies had asked for the flavors they preferred. Mike pressed down on the vanilla faucet—and out gushed a dark-brown, muddy stream! He gave a quick glance toward his customers. Fortunately they were seated at a little table fifteen feet from the new fount. Mike's mind was in a turmoil. He was feeling warm, just as if he'd been running to catch a train, and had got into a close-shut car, and had then sat

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

with his overcoat on, and a big fat man crowding him! Mike hastily considered asking the customers to change their orders; that his fountain was running nothing but chocolate. Then he thought of the bad name it might give his fount on this its first day. No! These people had asked for what they wanted; so he, Mike, would give them what they had ordered.

Selecting another glass, he went down the line, testing for strawberry—but no pinkish syrup flowed from those wells that day. Nor did any lemon, nor any vanilla.

Soon Mike found the bottles in which these flavors still reposed. He served the customers what they had asked for, and apologized for being so slow:

“My wife, she put chocolate in all them spigot,” he explained. He was enough of an Adam to blame Eve. “Maybe she don’ know you can’ get no strawberry out of dare when you don’ put no strawberry in dare. Maybe she don’ know you don’ git nothin’ out of dare, unless it’s what you put in.”

Mike was ungallant to blame his wife, publicly. But what he said holds good in life. A very wise and good Man long ago said, “Out

THE SODA FOUNT

of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." If we fill our minds and hearts with dark-brown thoughts and wishes, that is the kind of speech, of life even, we shall have.



FOUR FOOLISH DUCKS

THE Duck family were at peace with themselves and all the other families of the feathered folk. They rode like stately little ships on the waters of the lake which Providence had made for their home pond. Occasionally they would paddle over to the soft, spongy shore of their pond, waddle out, quack delightedly, wag their tails side-ways (as ducks always have done and always will do), and proceed to see what they might find to interest them, or to give them food, in the woods which covered the long sloping hill down to the pond.

One day as they were on one of these tours, personally conducted by old Mr. Drake, the official head and guide of the family, they wandered far up into the forest. There they came to a big open place filled with birds. It looked as if the whole fowl family were attending a meeting of some kind. One big old peacock, whose feathers were so gorgeous

FOUR FOOLISH DUCKS

the little ducks nearly lost their eyes gazing at them, seemed to be the chairman. He had gotten up on a big stump, and when he screamed out his commands (if they were commands), you should have seen all the other fowls look up in fright, or in envy. That peacock's voice was the loudest of any of the feathered folk, and maybe that was why he was so much honored. Anybody with such a voice could not be kept down in this world!

The Duck family quacked amiably, and waddled down where the other fowls were debating. One rooster stood up to make a speech, or perhaps it was only to show the hens what a fine fellow he was. He saw the Duck family coming and asked them, "What-cha-doin-here?" The Duck family quacked that they had come to get better acquainted with all their kinsfolk.

A fine-looking, trim young hen looked at the ducks for all the world as if she had a lorgnette and was staring them out of countenance.

"Cut, cut, cut," she said. But "the way she said it!" O, my dears! it was a snobbish "cut!"

Some other chickens began to make sneering remarks, and two turkeys deigned to cast their

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

haughty glances over the ducks. They too were quite snifty and top-lofty. The poor ducks did not know what to say or to do. They had never before been so close to other folk of the feathered world.

Presently Mr. Peacock began to scream. His voice was so loud and harsh that the ducks started to run away. But a turkey said "Gobble-lobble?" which meant, "What's the hurry?" Now that they had come to think of it, they really were in no hurry. So they waddled in a little nearer to the peacock's throne, and wagged their tails and bowed their heads. You never saw ducks do such fine bowing. Nobody can ever say the ducks are anything but polite. They bow, and bow, and bow; and they wag their tails, and they speak a deep but pleasing German dialect. But, pshaw! What good did good manners do them just then? They were criticized by some of the other "folks." The hens thought the ducks had noses much too large, and the turkeys said the ducks had most unfashionable feet. Now if they would have the webs cut out from between their toes, and have some of their noses



*The little ducks nearly had their eyes popping at the gorgeous feathers
of the big old peacock*

FOUR FOOLISH DUCKS

whittled away, the ducks might be in the fashion!

"Did you ever hear the like?" Mr. Drake wanted to know. But some of the ducks were much impressed. They talked about their feet and their noses all the way home to their pond. Some of the ducks began to make inquiries about the doctors or surgeons who could remove the web from their feet. Others said, "But without webs in our toes, we can't swim, or dive, or catch fish."

Four foolish ducks sneaked away one fine day and went into the big woods, and up to where Dr. Dog lived. It was painful to have Dr. Dog bite the webs out of their toes, but these foolish ducks wanted to have feet like the hens, the turkeys, the pea-fowl, and the guineas. Crippled as they were from the "operations" on their feet, the four foolish ducks hobbled back to the big Annual Fowls Reunion. Mr. Peacock was presiding, Mr. Rooster was making a great speech, while his wives were clucking with high approval.

They had been there only a few minutes when suddenly Mr. Peacock gave a screech that made every feather stand straight out.

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

You have never heard such a scream, and you should pray that you never will hear one like it. It made every fowl's blood run cold.

Then what a scuttering and a scampering! Mr. Rooster could hardly say "Run" before the hens were out of sight: their speed was marvellous. The guineas flew up into trees; the turkeys got out of the field in a few big, long, half-running, half-flying leaps. Somehow Mr. Peacock had moved from his throne chair up into a big oak tree. A family of hungry foxes had crept up close to the Fowls' Convention, and were about to rush in for a feast of chicken, turkey and duck. It was lucky for all that Mr. Peacock had seen the first fox-nose peek around a stump, and had screamed the alarm. Everybody got to safety—except the four foolish ducks. Their feet were sore and they could not run; and the foxes got them and ate them up! Old Mr. Drake was sorry enough when he heard the bad news; but he was heard to quack a few quacks which meant:

"That's what they got for trying to be something they were never made to be." Maybe we'd better just be ourselves, and not try to be "just like" everybody else.



THE MIRROR MAZE

HER playmates, if you could say she had any, all said that Ethel was pretty, but vain and selfish. She was the only child in her family, and had not learned how to live with other children. And, too, her father used to lift her in his big arms and call her a "little fairy." As long ago as Ethel could remember, her father had called her "lovey-dovey," "little beauty," "airy-fairy," and some other pet names. He let her have her way in everything; and made her feel she was better than other children. Do you wonder then that Ethel thought too well of herself, and believed that she was prettier and more clever than ordinary girls?

It might not have been so bad if Ethel had thought she was clever and pretty, and let it go at that. But she was not content merely to think so; she wanted everyone else to think so, too. She gave herself grand airs, and stuck

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

up her chin, when she was expected to play with other children.

Once at a party which Mrs. Carter gave for her little daughter Alice and the young friends of Alice, Ethel wore her grand airs as a princess might wear a crown of diamonds. At least Ethel thought so. But she overheard Annie Gream whisper to Alice, "Why did you invite that stuck-up Ethel to your party, Alice?"

Alice had been too well trained to give any reply—but the way she looked at Annie said, "I couldn't help myself. You see, my mother and Ethel's mother are close friends."

Later in the afternoon, Ethel deigned to take the refreshments, but she looked as if she were saying, "Plain white ice-cream! And lady-fingers! How common, and how cheap!" But she ate them, cheap and common as they were in her eyes; ate them alone, in dignity, while other girls and all the boys were in groups of twos and threes, or more.

Alice sent her brother Ned to get the plate and doily from Ethel, who looked at Ned as if he were a young lord come to her court, and held out her hand as if to be kissed. Ned

THE MIRROR MAZE

snickered, and nearly dropped the plate as he "beat it" across the room.

Ethel was angry that the others should sneer at her or openly laugh at her. At home that evening she said to her mother, "I hate Alice, and I hate Annie, and Ned," and she went on, naming others.

"But Ethel, you mustn't say those things. You musn't *feel* that way. It's very wicked to hate people. Your little friends are bright and happy."

"They are dull, and they are so coarse and noisy, and—and—," she wanted to say "sarcastic," but didn't have the word.

"What a dull time you would have, Ethel, if you were to live where there are no other children."

"O, I wish I did! I wish I was the only girl in this state!" Ethel was feeding her anger with her pride. "I'd be glad to be rid of them."

"You are wrong, Ethel," said her mother. "You'd be miserable if you had to live in a world where there are no children."

"Would I?" asked Ethel. "I'd like to try it, anyway."

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

Some days later her mother decided to take Ethel to an amusement park. She said:

"Ethel, run over and invite Alice to come and go with us to see the sights and hear the music at the park."

"O, Mother, why get Alice?" Ethel grumbled. "She has lots of rides and goes to lots of places and sees lots more than I do. I don't want her to go."

"Well, how about Joe, or Annie, or Clara?"

But Ethel didn't want Josephine to go either, nor Annie, nor Clara; so mother said nothing more about it. When they arrived at the park, they visited the "merry-go-round," and Ethel rode in a chariot all by herself. Then they went the route of the scenic railroad, and Ethel sat in a seat all to herself. They took in nearly every amusement in the park, and at each place, Ethel took her "fun" in lonely grandeur. One of the last places they came to was "The Mirror Maze." Of course, Ethel wanted to see it.

"I am a little tired, Ethel," said her mother. "I will sit here on this bench in the sunshine, and you go into the maze."

Ethel dropped her ticket in a glass box; a

THE MIRROR MAZE

girl turned the stile, and Ethel walked in. She found herself in a most wonderful room. The walls were all mirrors; the ceiling of the room was mirrors, even the floor on which she walked was a mirror. Where the lights came from she couldn't tell, and once inside it was impossible to tell which way to turn to go out. Ethel looked at the wall; and, of course, as it was a mirror, she saw a picture of herself. Back on the other side of the room the wall was a mirror, and it caught the reflection from the mirror in front of Ethel, and back and forth, back and forth, until it looked like a long string of Ethels standing in a row. When she looked down she saw Ethels. When she looked up she saw Ethels. When she turned to another part of the maze all she could see was herself.

At first it amused her. For the first time in her life she was in a world in which there was *only* Ethel—or this time it was Ethels: dozens of Ethels, hundreds of Ethels! It was great fun for a while to play with all these Ethels. If she grinned at them, they grinned too. If she walked her princess-walk, so did all the other Ethels. After a while she grew tired of the maze, and all those silly picture-Ethels.

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

She decided she would go out and join her mother on the bench in the sunshine. For some reason Ethel was the only person in the maze; and now that she wanted to leave, for the life of her she couldn't find the door. She put out her hands and felt all around, but she couldn't find the way out. She began to be a little frightened, and every one of the Ethels in the room mirrored back a frightened look. When she lifted her eyes and saw them, she began to run from one side of the room to the other; all the other Ethels did the same. She ran towards one mirror wall and shook both fists at the Ethel in that mirror, and all the Ethels shook their fists at her. She sat down suddenly on the floor, and the Ethels everywhere flopped on the floor. She jumped up and began to scream. All the other Ethels did the same. After this, suddenly one of the mirrors seemed to disappear for a moment, and a man came in and took Ethel by the hand and led her out. She ran and threw her arms around her mother and said:

"I am so glad I am out of the maze, mother. It was terrible: everywhere I went or looked I saw myself in the mirrors."

THE MIRROR MAZE

"Now, Ethel," her mother replied, "you see how it would be to live in a world where there is no little girl but yourself."

"Mother, I am sorry we didn't invite Alice and Josephine."



A FOUR-FOOTED PREACHER

HIS boss sometimes said, "He's a wise old dog." Not that Curley was really so very old, but when you hear what he did, I believe you will agree with me that he was a wise dog, and that his boss was a wiser man after he saw the meaning of Curley's actions one evening.

You see, Mr. Irony was a fine fellow. He was very fond of Mrs. Irony, and proud of her, too. But there were times when Mr. Irony did not know how he was acting toward his wife, and we may assume Mrs. Irony did not know how she acted toward her husband.

Mr. Irony had come home all tired out. He was late leaving the office. It had been a hot day too. You would have thought, if you had seen Mr. and Mrs. Irony as they began dinner that evening, that theirs was a very happy home. Beyond doubt, it was a beautiful one. Mr. Irony was a successful man in his business, and he had not been sparing in the money spent

A FOUR-FOOTED PREACHER

to build and beautify the house where he slept, and which he called "home." At present we will look only into the dining room. You will see at a glance that it is a lovely room, and that beautiful dishes are on the table; that the linens are very fine and very white; that the silver sparkles almost as much as the glasses in which crystal water waits for thirsty throats.

There were but the two of them at the table. Curley was lying over near the bay window. He was a very handsome Airedale, and Mr. Irony noted with pleasure that Curley was lying as a thoroughbred dog should lie; that is, with both hind feet tucked under his body, and his shapely front feet stretched out before him. His big shaggy head rested on the protruding forelegs.

Curley was only feigning sleep. He had one eye open just a wee bit, to see what was going on, and to be ready for any offer of a tid-bit from his master's hand. You may be sure his ears were open. Who ever heard of a dog shutting up his ears, even if he were snatching an occasional "forty winks?"

Mr. Irony tasted the soup. He put some salt into it and tasted it again. He made a wry

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face. Then he added a little pepper. Again he sipped a bit from his spoon. He looked pained, but continued for a few moments to sip the soup, frowning more and more as he sipped. He laid down the spoon, and in a very cold but very polite voice asked his wife:

“What is this?”

“Mock-turtle soup,” she answered.

“It’s ‘mock’ something,” Mr. Irony said. “I have never tried to drink lukewarm dishwater, but I can well believe that it would taste about 50% better than this so-called soup.”

By this time Mrs. Irony too had laid down her spoon; and Curley had pricked up one ear, —the one nearer the table.

“It would seem to me that when I do the best I can to prepare a dainty and tasty dinner, and then have to wait at least half an hour after it is ready to serve for you to come and eat it, you would not find so much fault with the soup because it is a little lukewarm.” Thus Mrs. Irony.

“I presume you think,” said Mr. Irony, his voice beginning to sound like the hard clink of the ice in the sparkling glasses of water, “that I stay at the office because I enjoy talking to a

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man who should have said 'yes' or 'no' to my offer an hour before he really did. I suppose you think all I do all day is to sit with my feet propped up on my desk, smoking fine cigars, and then when closing-time comes, saying to myself, 'Well, it's time to close, but I had better wait a short while. It might please the wife too much for me to get home on time.' "

"And I presume you think," his wife replied, with something of the glitter of a sharp carving knife in her eyes, and with an exaggerated quietness and coolness of manner, "that I have a way of knowing, by wireless, or some way, that you will be late; and that I tell the cook to get dinner ready to serve an hour too soon, so you will not be here on time."

By this time, both of Curley's ears were pricked up, and the eye that was farther from the table was wide open. As has been said, he was a wise dog. He had heard those tones before and knew when the home barometer was falling; and he knew when to make for a safe harbor.

When Mr. Irony spoke he had dropped his voice almost to a hard cold whisper. At every syllable, Curley felt the hair rising on his own

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back. When Mrs. Irony replied, her voice trembled like the sounds of the dinner-gong which usually brought howls out of Curley's throat in spite of his every effort to be polite and keep quiet. He bit his tongue, or whatever it is that dogs do, to keep from howling; but he knew he would howl, if he had to keep still much longer. He was well-bred. He did not want to disgrace himself by breaking in on that extremely interesting conversation. He rose as softly and quietly as if he were walking around his own grandson's cradle while the little pup was teething. His head was held very low, almost between his forelegs. His tail, what there was of it, was doing its best to get between his other legs. His back was humped up like a bow. It did look as if he were a criminal dog, caught killing chickens or stealing a lamb-chop, as he picked up each foot in turn, and set it down with infinite pains not to make a noise. While the principals in the contest, the boss and the boss' wife, were cutting each other with razor words, Curley made the door, and gave one big leap to the outer hall, to a safer and quieter place. He was a brave dog, as many another dog knew. He

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may have been so polite he just could not endure the idea of spoiling that conversation! Or he may have thought that the intense tones of voice which he heard were too personal and private for a third party to hear. Or he may have been down-right ashamed of that handsome man, his boss, and that lovely woman, his boss' wife, for the things they were saying and the way they were saying them—especially the way they were saying them.

Mr. Irony saw Curley, from the first step he took, until he made a sudden flying leap out of the room. He sat and stared at the door, through which Curley had just disappeared. His wife finished her tenth "cutting" speech—or it may have been her fifteenth. She was not usually the one to start an argument, but she generally finished it. She did this time. Mr. Irony did not answer her. It is doubtful if he heard one word of her last paragraph. The looks of Curley, and his evident embarrassment made Mr. Irony think about something else than what his wife was saying. He was thinking, "My dog is more of a gentleman than I, for he will not stay to listen to a quarrel, and here I am starting one, and holding up my end

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of it as if life depended on what nasty things I can say."

Mrs. Irony had not seen Curley go out. She began to speak again, thinking she recognized signs that her husband was preparing to send out the white flag and ask for an armistice. So she framed up a final, half-bitter, half heart-broken speech about being unappreciated, about working her fingers to the bone for a man who gave her nothing but insults for her labor and pains. (You should have seen Mrs. Irony's hands: they were white and pink, with long, slender tapering fingers, and a number of beautiful rings were on some of them.) But this speech did not have its usual effect. She suddenly realized that her husband was not hearing a word she was saying. She finished her sentence, and sat staring at him.

Then Mr. Irony turned and looked at her. The rascal was laughing. He was not smiling with that smile which hurt her so every time she saw it that she felt like screaming. He was laughing as was his habit when he saw something funny. He had a sense of humor. She was bound to admit that. Many a time, she had laughed at something that was very funny

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to him, not because she saw anything funny, but because his laugh was so good and so wholesome, so much like that of a merry big boy. He was laughing that way now.

"Bess," he said, in a voice which was so different from the tones he had been using, that Curley, down the other end of the hall, lifted both his head and tail and let his back hair go down as far as it can go down on an Airedale's back. "Bess, I apologize. Do you know what I have just seen? No, you could not see, because it was mostly acted out behind you. But as we sat here coldly criticizing each other, Curley got up. I wish you could have seen him make for a quieter sector. I heard his thoughts as plainly as I heard Parson Morris that Sunday we were late and had to sit in the second pew. Curley's looks and actions plainly said, 'This is no place for a gentleman dog. If they must quarrel and fight, out I go. I do not want to be involved in a scrap between two humans. If it were that uppity Irish terrier that lives with those ordinary people down the street now—' and out of that door he leaped, for fear I would see him and call him back. Bess, Curley has taught me that some dogs are

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more gentlemanly at home than their masters. I started it all, and I am the only one to blame. I'm very sorry. If you will forgive me, old girl," (Mrs. Irony was a young girl, or at least she looked young; but Mr. Irony said 'old girl' in tones which would have thawed the heart of a frozen polar bear at the North Pole) "I make solemn promise never to be such a boor again!"

Did she forgive him? Well, after a few minutes the girl came in to remove the soup plates, and this is what she saw: Mrs. Irony was sitting on the arm of Mr. Irony's chair. Mr. Irony had one arm around Mrs. Irony, and with the other hand he was patting a shaggy head. The maid said "Ahem!" but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Irony moved from their places, when they heard the maid's discreet little cough. Mrs. Irony said:

"Martha, we are a bit late, and want to go to the concert to-night; so just omit the dinner and bring us the dessert."

And while the maid went out for the dessert, Mr. Irony said:

"I've spoiled this dinner; so if you will go with me to the concert at the Academy, I will take you into the Club afterwards, and make

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François bring us the best broiled lobster, and best other things to go along with it, that the Club can serve."

It seems that Curley was rewarded with a generous portion of the dinner which Mr. and Mrs. Irony did not eat.



BRINGING HOME THE POTATOES

THE Boy's father had been ill for a long time and the family had suffered from lack of the most necessary things of life. There were times when there was nothing in the house for their supper. At such times the Boy and his two sisters and his mother went to bed hungry. This hurt the Boy's father very much. But what could he do? He had been a good father, and until he was paralyzed the children had never wanted for proper food and good clothes.

You should understand that the Boy lived in a part of the country where there were no factories, and in the long summer months there was no work to be had by any of the children. In the fall of the year, when the oranges were being gathered, they could make a few dimes a day by picking, wrapping, or packing oranges. At other times, there was only now and then an opportunity to get work for which they would be paid. This will show you that the family was not a shiftless, lazy one; but

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that their poverty was due to the illness of the father and the time and conditions in which they lived.

One day when there was nothing else in the house, the Boy's mother said to him:

"Son, Mr. Grainger, who lives up near Simpson Station, has written your father a card saying that he will give us a bushel of sweet potatoes, if we can find any way to bring them home. Do you think you can go up and get some of those potatoes to-day?"

The Boy told his mother he would go at once, not forgetting that to get to Simpson Station he would have to walk about seven miles, five of which would be along the railroad tracks. It was a mile to the railroad, and when he got to Simpson Station it would be another mile to where Mr. Grainger lived. It was as hot as summer, although it was September. The Boy had no shoes, and it would burn his feet to walk in the sand and on the railroad tracks. But he was used to hardships, and did not waste much time thinking of how much he would suffer by having to walk fourteen miles, going and returning. He took an old sack and set out. He knew enough about the

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climate not to try to walk too fast, so it took him more than two hours to reach Mr. Grainger's. But when he got there, he was rewarded, for Mrs. Grainger said:

"Mercy me! You must be mighty hot and thirsty."

She gave him a glass of cool milk, and a small piece of ginger-bread. This tasted good to him, as he had not had any breakfast. Mrs. Grainger did not know the Boy had come off without breakfast, for his people were proud, even if they were in a poor way at the time, and they did not tell people how much in need they were.

After eating his ginger-bread and drinking the cool milk, the Boy lay down in the shade of a china-berry tree, and rested a short time. Then he borrowed an axe from Mr. Grainger and went off down into a swamp about a half mile from the house. Soon they saw him coming back, dragging a large bush, from which much of the foliage had been cut away. With some heavy twine brought for the purpose, he tied up the bag of potatoes. He then fastened the bag on the top side of the bushy part of the

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bush as it lay on the ground. The stump end made an excellent wagon-pole by which to drag the bush. The small limbs took the place of the runners of a sled. In this way the Boy was able to drag his potatoes without tearing the bag.

It was a long hot mile to the railroad track, but the Boy wanted to get there by the time the section boss would be going back to his section after having his dinner. The Boy figured by the place of the sun in the sky that it must be near one o'clock, and he was right, for as he stopped at the little railroad station, the section boss came rolling along on the "pole-car." That was a small flat car used by track-men to take them with their tools to the part of the section when they were at work. The section boss knew the Boy, and agreed to take the potatoes as far as he was going, but the Boy himself had to walk, as it was against the rules of the railroad for anyone to ride on the pole-car, except the men who worked for the road.

This was the way the potatoes got to within a mile of where the Boy had to turn off from the tracks, and take the dirt road to the house

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where he lived. He had brought his "sled" along, dragging it all that way because he would not have an axe to cut another, and houses were very few along the railroad. When at length the Boy reached the "dirt road," he saw an old negro man driving an ox-cart. For two big potatoes the old man agreed to take the bag the rest of the way.

The Boy was tired on arriving home with the potatoes. He told his mother how he had managed, whereupon she put her arms around him, told him he was a good boy, and that he would make a fine man some day. With the quick pick-up of youth, the Boy soon recovered from his fatigue and was very happy to have been able to help his mother and the rest of the family.

Now when any of you boys or girls are asked to do some little work at home, or elsewhere, remember how this boy took those potatoes seven miles. Of course he got some help. No one should think less of the boy for that. You have heard the old saying "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Nowadays we have automobiles, and some boys want to get into a

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car to go two blocks to get a postage stamp. In fact, some are so pampered that if they were to play baseball, they would probably want to ride to first base in a "flivver."



YOUNG PETER ROBIN'S FATE

M^{R.} AND ^{MRS.} ROBIN came North rather early this year. They began at once to look about for a place to build their nest-home. Mr. Robin favored a fine, high, swinging limb of the big horse-chestnut tree. He argued that the view was fine and that they would get good air up there. Mrs. Robin preferred to be on a lower limb, in near the body of the tree. She said it would be safer, for there the wind would not shake the nest so much and it would be steadier for the little Robins.

In due time three young Robins appeared: call them Peter, Sammy, and Susie. Mr. and Mrs. Robin took great pleasure in feeding their children. It was amazing how much they could eat, and also how fast they grew.

There came a day when the parents pushed the young birds out of the nest and made them try their wings. Not long after that, they were following their parent birds around. It was great fun to watch Father Robin hop along,

YOUNG PETER ROBIN'S FATE

stop and listen, and then plunge his beak into the soft soil and haul out a worm. Also it was very jolly and highly satisfying to the young Robins to eat the worm.

But there must be an end some time to children being taken care of by their parents. One day Mr. Robin told his family that they must begin to look for their own dinners. He showed them how to find worms, and told them to "get busy."

Susie was from the very first a practical little thing, as bird girls and human girls are likely to be. She soon became very clever at the job of finding worms for her dinner. I may as well tell you right now that she married early, and does not again enter into this story.

Sammy Robin did not like it a bit when he was made to get out and hustle for himself. In time he came to see that he must either find his own suppers or else go hungry; but he, too, drops out of the story.

I wish the same could be said of Peter Robin. But Peter was lazy, or stubborn, or both. He followed Father Robin around, and squeaked his disappointment when the latter would pull a long, pink worm out of the ground, and then

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proceed to eat it. Peter tried once or twice to take the worm away from the older Robin, but all he got for his bad manners was a peck on the head that made him run away.

Then he stood off and "moped"—that is he acted just like a bad child who is disappointed and peeved. He used to talk to himself after this fashion: "It isn't fair. I did not ask to be brought here. The old birds are responsible for my being here, and they should take care of me. My daddy is a stingy old bird. He has more worms than he can eat, and yet he refuses to feed me. Well, the world owes me a living, and I am not going to work myself to death just to get a few worms."

Peter Robin saw some fine cherries, and over he went to eat them. He perched up on the limb of a tree, and began pecking at the cherries. But the man to whom the cherries belonged threw a stone at Peter who was glad enough to fly away without being hurt. He went to another tree. This tree was covered with a thin netting, put over it to keep insects and birds from ruining the fruit. So he thought out a scheme. He got down on the ground, under the tree. Then by flying up-

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ward, he came up under the netting. He ate some fruit, but then he heard the man coming, and was afraid to stay. He tried to get away, but the netting caught him like a trap. He was too badly frightened to remember how he got in, and tried to fly off with the whole net. Of course, he could not do this. Had the man caught him, I do not know what would have happened, but a little accident favored Peter. As the man was wadding up the netting, to close in on Peter and catch him, a limb of the fruit tree which the man had pulled down so he could take off the netting without tearing it, slipped out of his grasp, and it flew up in place and tore the netting. Peter escaped through the hole.

Perhaps you think Peter had now learned a lesson, and would go on to be an honest Robin, like his father, and work for his living. But Peter had only learned that it is dangerous to get under a net. He flew off down to the end of the yard, and lit on the ground. He stood there angry, disgusted, and pouting. He went over and over in his mind all about his wrongs. He "brooded," as we say, about what a hard world this is for robins. Other robins were

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flying about in the sunshine, or sitting in the trees singing, or pulling up fine worms, or building nests, making themselves busy and happy in some way. Not so with Peter. You should have seen him as he puffed out some of his feathers, and inwardly complained about this cold and cruel world.

While he sat there, Mrs. Mehitabel Cat came up from the cellar. She stood on the top of the cellar stairs a moment or two, switching her tail gently, and blinking at the sunlight. She was a very nice sort of cat, but she was burdened with certain heavy responsibilities. Remember that, and do not condemn her too hastily for what took place. She was a "grass widow" whose husband had left her with five children to support, and they were growing so fast that Mrs. Cat could hardly keep up with them. And their appetites! They had reached the stage where nice milk did not satisfy them, and Mrs. Cat was out in search of something more for the family dinner.

Suddenly her eyes became enough accustomed to the light for her to see Peter Robin down at the end of the yard, sitting on the ground just a short cat-jump from a syringa

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bush. The bush was about three good cat-jumps from a low stone fence. The fence ran down the whole length of the yard. Mrs. Cat yawned as if she were about to take a snooze in the sunshine, on top of that fence. She walked over to the fence without once looking in the direction where Peter sat in a huff. But she did not stay on top of the fence. Jumping down on the outer side, she ran silently but very swiftly until she was where she could get back over the fence, with the syringa bush between her and Peter. Jumping down so lightly that she made no noise, she crept up to the bush. Her tail was straight out behind her, except the tip end, which jerked and jumped every now and then. She picked up one foot at a time, and put it down as softly as a rose petal falling on a velvet dress. Soon she was just behind the bush, and Peter's back was in her direction. Slowly, carefully, and so quietly that she did not make as much noise as a soft breeze blowing on a blade of grass, she got out where she could make a jump.

Now watch Mrs. Cat. She looks just as if she were cuddling down before the fire on a winter's night! But she measures the distance,

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gathers up every muscle in her body. Holds her breath. Kerplunk!

No need for Peter to try to get away. He is in the most dangerous and deadly trap ever set for a robin.

That's all. Except to say that the Cat family had scrambled robin for supper that night.



GOLDEN TREASURE

IT WAS December eighteenth. Not that the date meant very much to Slew-foot Sam or One-eyed Ed, or their mates on the *Salem*. Nearly every seaman on that fine sailing vessel had lived from boyhood the roving, care-free, reckless life of those who go down to the sea in ships.

It was only seven days before Christmas. The date meant so much to Captain Paul Jones Henson and to Mrs. Henson that they should be together at Christmas, that the captain had brought his young wife along with him on this wintry voyage across the North Atlantic.

She was young and frail-looking. Captain Henson regretted that this delicate girl, who had been his wife nearly a year, should brave the dangers and hardships of life in a sailing vessel, but he was too human and too fond of his pretty, dainty wife not to be glad to have her with him. And when you know that that Christmas would be the first anniversary of

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their wedding, you will see why Captain Paul Jones Henson seemed more than usually cheerful and bright as the day drew near.

The sailors had been ashore when Mrs. Henson had come aboard in Philadelphia. An old aunt with whom Mrs. Henson had lived before she was wedded to the Captain, accompanied her. Both the ladies had gone to their cabins as soon as they got on the ship, and as neither one had ever been at sea before, they preferred to remain in bed the next day. The weather was bad, and as soon as they passed into the bay, the ship gave them many reasons for remaining below until the weather should become less boisterous.

The sailors had seen the captain going below with food and medicines, and must have had some suspicions that there was more going on below than they knew about. They made some rude jests—among themselves; for although Captain Paul Jones Henson was a young man, he was a very big and strong one, with a fist as hard as a coil of tarred rope. At least so those who had felt a blow from the fist, declared.

That crew was a precious lot of rascallions,

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if the truth must be told. Rough of speech and rough of heart they were. They would cheerfully have joined a pirate band, had opportunity offered. In fact, it was said along the waterfronts of many cities, that One-eyed Ed had lost half of nature's allotment of seeing machinery in a fight while he actually was a pirate. Slew-foot Sam openly boasted that he had been in several mutinies. But for all that, these two were like their mates in a wholesome fear of Captain Henson's pile-driver of a fist.

It was when the *Salem* was five days out from Philadelphia, bound for Bristol, and just the day before Christmas Eve, that One-eyed Ed decided to start something.

"You know," he told the men, one at a time, "the Captain's got some kind of treasure in his cabin. He keeps the doors shut, and no one goes in. I bet you he's got bags of gold stored there. What's to hinder us from taking the ship, and landing back on the Ca'lina coast, and whacking up the gold?"

They agreed that the next evening they would seize and bind the captain and the mate, killing them if necessary, get the valuables, sail

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back to the shores of North Carolina or Georgia, and be rich men ever afterwards.

This kind of conspiracy is usually made and carried out quickly, before any weakling may have time to get chicken-hearted and go "squeal on them." But at that, Ed and his fellow-conspirators could not lay their plans in a few short hours. All the day of the twenty-third, there were whispered conversations and cautious looks.

Captain Paul Jones Henson did not seem to know or suspect that there were these stealthy, whispering groups constantly gathering and dispersing. As no one must excite suspicion, everything went along as quietly on the *Salem* as if it had been at a church service. The weather was on its good behavior, too, and the December sun tried to make up in beauty what it lacked in staying powers in those shortest days of the year. There was not the slightest reason, so far as could be seen, why Captain Paul Jones Henson should seem so restless and so pale. Dick the Parrot, who came by his name not because he talked so much, but because his voice sounded like a parrot's, ventured the opinion to Slew-foot and some others

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that the "Cap'n must 'a 'ad 'is hears tickled"—by which he probably meant that someone had told the captain that mutiny was afoot. Slew-foot consulted One-eyed Ed, who at once began to look sharply about him with what Dick called "that 'ere h'ye o' 'is, w'ich sees more'n the devil's." It is true Ed used his one remaining eye very ably at times. But he could not discover any mate who looked as if he had "squealed," and he could not fathom the mystery of Captain Henson's restlessness, or of his apparent deep concern. Ed expressed himself to the effect that "he's been a-swiggin' some o' this yere new-fangled fly-p'ison w'ich they calls 'Cynthy.' "

But no; the captain was sober enough. All the same, he seemed to walk as if dazed. He actually ran into Dick, not seeing him until the wicked little Englishman was knocked to the deck by the big body of the master. Then the captain picked him up, dusted him off with a hand "big as a top jib-s'il"—and went on as if still in a daze.

Perhaps someone had told the captain: but more likely, not. The men now fixed on the hour of noon of the day which meant to Cap-

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tain Henson a double anniversary, that of Christmas and that of his wedding. Early that day it was whispered among the men that if the captain had had any suspicions they were gone, for the big fellow's eyes fairly sparkled like the yellow sunlight sparkling on the waves. Walking the deck, he came upon Ed and several other sailors. They were talking in low tones, and Captain Henson looked at them suspiciously, then dismissed his doubts and said:

"Ed, do you and Sam know what day this is?" They did not. One said "Tuesday," the other thought "Thursday."

"This is Christmas Day," said the captain. Christmas Day! These were rough, hard men; but Christmas meant *something* at least to them. While they were muttering "Christmas Day!" the captain continued:

"And I've a Christmas present to show you, in my cabin. Order all hands on deck at two bells, and I will show you the present." He added, after a moment's pause, "Yes, and a present to give to each one of you, too, when you've seen what I've to show you."

If they could have got off together to talk it all out, these guilty-minded men would have

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known how to refuse, or to bring the mutiny to a head before "two bells, sec'n watch" when the master was to show them his wonderful Christmas present. But there was no time or opportunity to change plans. A look passed from Ed's one eye which said plainly: "Better humor him. Do as he says. But at noon!—"

At the hour which land-folk call nine o'clock, all came except the mate, who was at the helm, and a few others whose duties required them to remain at their posts for the safe-sailing of the ship, or other work.

Captain Paul Jones Henson towered up like a great mast. His arms looked long enough for main-sail spars. And his face was sunnier than the Christmas skies. And this is about what he said:

"Men; you don't see the cook or any of the galley boys here. They're all busy on the biggest and best Christmas dinner you ever washed down your rough old throats with strong coffee and a noggin of grog afterwards. But I want every one of you to see my Christmas present so's you'll know how to appreciate that dinner. It's down in my cabin—that present; and the companion-way is narrow and the cabin small,

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so you can go in only two at a time. And when you've seen, come on out. Don't hang around too long; and don't spoil the fun for the others by telling what you saw. Now, Ed, you and Sam set a good example and go down first."

They were frightened, and held back. The captain saw, but guessed wrongly as to the cause.

"Go on, Ed—lead the way. You needn't be afraid of any practical joke. No rough stuff. All right, then, Sam, you got two good feet, even if one of 'em does point off the course."

Thus urged, and not knowing how to refuse, Sam and Ed made their rolling way down the little companion-way. The door of the captain's cabin was partly open, and a light peeped through. Sam shuffled along in a half-angry, half-watchful way. Ed rolled his head so that his one good eye could see in every direction, lest he be taken unawares. Without knocking, Ed pushed the door open, and both men stood framed in the doorway.

Near the bunk, which was really almost a bed, sat a grim-looking elderly woman, who looked up at the two intruders with a lofty and

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condescending gaze—or at least so thought One-eyed Ed. On the bunk, white as the pillow on which she lay, with dark hair falling over the bed clothes, lay a very young, very delicate, and very beautiful girl. The covering was pulled down on her left side, and, in the soft bend of a lovely arm, the men saw the present. It was the first new-born baby these rough seamen had seen in years. The young woman turned her eyes toward the men, and her wan face smiled at them so winsomely that Ed and Sam were greatly embarrassed.

“Begging your parding, mum”—began Ed, in what he believed to be his best English—“but, you see we didn’t know.”

“No; of course not; and it’s all right. We expected you to come in. This is little Paul Jones Henson, your new little captain. I know you both want to kneel to the new king.” All of which meant little or nothing to the gaping men. Their world of two minutes ago had suddenly gone to pieces, just as a vase might be broken in a second and scattered about the ground never to be remade.

The men could not resist poking rough fingers down to touch the soft fuzz that would

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some day be hair on that baby head. Sam's finger was light in touch, but Ed must have borne down a bit more heavily, for the wee head turned a little, the eyes opened, and what both men afterwards swore was a smile, seemed to play over the innocent little face.

Backing out with "Happy Chris'mus, mum; and Happy Chris'mus to the new cap'n; and to you, too, mum," (this last to the old aunt), the two men rolled out of the room, up the companion-way, and out on deck.

They set their faces, and looked off to windward, as if they saw a whale spouting—and not one word or look prepared the other men for what they were to see below.

All the rest of the morning Ed kept saying over in his mind: "The new little cap'n! Chris'mus Day!"

At the great Christmas dinner Ed rose, rolled his one eye around so he could see in turn every one in the galley, and delivered himself after this fashion:

"Hooray and hallelujer! Merry Chris'mus to the cap'n an' his missus and the ol' lady! An' Merry Chris'mus and many of em, to the little cap'n."

GOLDEN TREASURE

To this all gave assent by loud cries of
"Merry Chris'mus to the cap'n, and all!"

The conspiracy had died, smothered in
beauty and innocency.

Author's Note

The foregoing story was told me, in substance, by an old sailor. That was in 1900; and my ancient mariner friend, of English birth, had never read, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Neither had I, at that time.



TWO ROSE-BUSHES

THE Gardener noticed two of his rose-bushes. They were strong, vigorous plants. In fact, the Gardener thought them too bushy: not enough signs of roses. He took his shears, and stooped down to prune them.

He took hold of a long thorny stem, and started to cut off part of it. The bush stuck a thorn in his hand.

“Ouch!” said the Gardener, and let go.

“Biff!” replied the rose-bush, and hit the Gardener across the face.

“Ouch!” said the Gardener again. “What did you do that for?”

“Because you were going to hurt me,” answered the rose-bush.

“I was going to cut off some of these greedy stems and leaves, for they are eating up your strength, and will leave none for blossoms. Now I notice, you have other greedy mouths eating your strength: for under your leaves and

TWO ROSE-BUSHES

on your small tender buds, I see a lot of little bugs.

The Gardener took a thing that looked like a cousin to an automobile-tire pump. He pointed it at the rose-bush.

"Squ-s-s-s!" said the pump.

The rose-bush caught hold of a passing puff of wind, and used it to throw some of the spray into the eyes of the Gardener.

"Ouch!" he yelled. "This black-leaf-forty spray hurts when it gets into the eyes."

"Serves you right," the rose-bush told him.

"Very well, Mr. Rose-bush, I'll just let you grow leaves and feed hungry bugs." Then he turned to the other rose-bush.

"Snip, snip, snip," went his clippers. The second rose-bush felt the hurt, and said "Si-i-i-p." But it did not stick a thorn in the Gardener's hand, or hit him in the face.

Then the Gardener took his pump.

"Squ-s-s-s-s! Sp-s-s-s-s!" But the second rose-bush did not throw any of the black-leaf-forty into the Gardener's eye. After a while, the Gardener took his clippers and his pump and went away.

Several weeks later the rose-bushes were

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visited by the lady who owned the garden. She stopped before the one which had fought the Gardener.

"This bush is all weed," she said, "and the bugs have eaten away nearly all the leaves. It has no blossoms. I think we'd better pull it up, and throw it on the trash-pile to be burned. That will make more room for this other bush, which seems to be free of insects, and certainly has some of the largest and loveliest J. L. Mock buds I've ever seen!"

"I thought so," said the Gardener to the big, awkward, bug-bitten bush, as he threw it on the trash-pile.



SONIA AND LON

SONIA and Lon had never known any other home than the beautiful old colonial plantation house, white, and with great white columns in front. But they had known and did know the inside and the outside of the neat, white-washed cabins in which lived their black folk. They were especially well acquainted with the inside of the first and largest of these cabins, in which were housed their great friends, Uncle Lish and Aunt Mandy.

Old Colonel Livermore had built the big white house in which Sonia and Lon lived with their lovely mamma. He was that Colonel Livermore who had been aide to General Greene in the Revolution. He was the great-grandfather of Sonia and Lon.

"Papa's papa's papa, he was; and a great soldier who rode a big, sleek, black horse, and had a sword always buckled 'round him," Sonia had explained to little Lon. "And papa's papa was a great soldier, too," she

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would go on to her small brother, "and he was in the war that was way down in Texas; and he never came back. And now papa is a great soldier too, and he's in the war that's up in Virginia."

Little Lon could not remember papa. Lon was only four-and-a-half when papa had gone away. Now that he was eight, and Sonia was ten, Lon often pictured papa as a big, handsome, bold, dashing man, always riding a big, sleek, black horse. Papa's steed, in Lon's mind, always was prancing and dancing, shining like polished shoes, black all over like a black bird, except for a white star on his forehead.

"Papa wears a sword, too," Lon would add. "And the bridle is all jingly with silver dollars hanging from it."

Mamma was always talking about what they would do when papa came home from the war, and the children looked forward to that happy time with deep joy. Mamma's cheeks would get rosy again, and she wouldn't cry so much, after papa came home. Then Sonia would have a big shiny piano, and Lon would have a little red wagon all his own, after papa came home.

SONIA AND LON

On one thing Sonia and Lon could not agree. Sonia had it that papa would send them word he was coming, and everybody would be ready to meet him. Mamma would be dressed in a sweet, cool white dress; Aunt Mandy would cook cakes and fried chicken, and other good things. Uncle Lish would be dressed in his green coat and white trousers, and would stand at the gate to bow and scrape and show his white teeth in a huge smile, and say:

“Welcome home, great soldier.”

Sonia thought papa would come in a great coach, painted blue with gold stripes on it. The coach would be drawn by four big white horses. The coach would stop, and a general (maybe General Lee) would get out first, and hold open the door, then out would step papa, dressed in a handsome soldier-suit. The general would say:

“You’re a great soldier, Captain Livermore; and I couldn’t have won the war without you.”

Papa would shake hands; the general would get back in the coach; and away the coach would go. Papa would say:

“Lish, you big black rascal, how’s everybody?”

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Bowing and smiling, the good old man would say:

"Dey's all well, Cap'm Massa; and de Misses is a-lookin' for you; and Mandy dun cooked up enough doin's to feed all the county."

Then papa would go in and kiss mamma; and Sonia and Lon would kiss papa, and everybody'd be happy forever after.

Lon would not have it that a great soldier would come riding in a coach. He'd come on that big, black, shiny horse. His bridle would flash in the sun, with silver dollars on it; and he would have shiny stones like the one in mamma's ring, on the hilt of his sword. As to the other details, Lon agreed with Sonia.

They referred the matter, as they did most of the problems of life, to Uncle Lish, who said:

"I s'pect we's all gwine ter be s'prized when your pappy gits 'ere."

Uncle Lish did not tell what kind of "s'prize" he looked for. Wise old man, he knew that if he formed in his mind one kind of "s'prize," he'd likely be s'prized in some other way.

Mamma had no word to give about it all.

SONIA AND LON

She would smile just as if she were about to cry.

"Just so he comes," she would say, "he may come rolling his knapsack on a wheelbarrow."

One day Colonel Turnipseed came riding down the big road, past the Livermore plantation. He drew the reins, pulled his mule over to the gate and said, "Halloo-o-o!"

Uncle Lish, bareheaded, his white wool shining in the morning sunlight, answered and hurried to the gate:

"Mawnin' Kunnel Turnipseed," said Lish, "How's all de folks down to your place?"

"Mornin' Lish," the Colonel replied; but he gave no account of the health and happiness of the house of Turnipseed. Bigger things were on his mind.

"Lish, tell Mis' Livermo' that General Lee's surrendered and the wah's over, and she may expec' Cap'n Livermo' home soon. We lost the wah. You niggers are free; but if you don't keep all this bunch workin', and plowin', and plantin' till Cap'n Livermo' gits here, I'll bust your old head, so I will."

"Yassir; I sho will keep 'em a-plowin', an'

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sowin', an' reapin', an' mowin'. Yassir, an' atter de Cap'm dun come back, too."

There was great excitement in the "big house" and all over the plantation. Lost or won, the "wah was ovuh," and papa was coming home. Every day Sonia and little Lon watched the "big road." It was a lonely road, and only occasionally did anyone pass over it.

The children were playing in the front yard one day, when a tramp came up to the gate. He was a miserable, unkempt, dust-covered tramp. To begin at the bottom, his shoes were gone, except that what were once the uppers now flapped like a very old and very dusty pair of spats. The trousers were two meal bags, white with dust. The old coat was in ruins. The forage-cap was one which no doubt had been thrown away by some soldier. The tramp's long hair and beard were tangled and powdered with dust.

Under what the negroes called the "front po'ch" lay old Ben, ancient and honorable, but feeble and half blind with age. Ben had once been the best fox-hound in Northeast Georgia.

From the tramp at the gate some kind of scent floated across the yard to old Ben. He

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lifted up his nose: "Sniff, sniff, sniff." Then throwing up his head, he opened his old jaws and out came a deep, long-drawn, "Woo-oo-oo-oo!" Up on his shaky old legs, big Ben made all the haste his years, infirmity, and personal dignity would allow. The tramp had opened the gate and was coming into the yard. The children, frightened, retreated toward where Uncle Lish and Aunt Mandy from the shade of their cabin, were gazing at the tramp. The dusty traveler did not seem to fear the on-rush of old Ben; as Ben reached him, a brown, dusty hand went out to caress the old dog's head. The animal whined, and shook his tail slowly but emphatically. He seemed to be trying to talk and managed to say "Ow-gow-ow." That meant, "I knew you as soon as I smelled you. Old Ben's eyes are on the blink, but his nose knows."

Mamma came to the doorway and stood there a moment. She went white and shaky, as if about to faint. The tramp was coming up the front walk. At the foot of the steps they met. A very pale, very dainty, very clean, very lovely woman went into the ragged, dusty embrace of the "tramp."

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

"O Lawdy! Dat kain' be nobuddy else but'n de Cap'm." This from Uncle Lish.

"You jes' knowin' dat?" Aunt Mandy wanted to know. "I knowed as soon's I seed 'im at de gate 'twan't nobuddy but'n de Cap'm. Nobuddy else gwine ter come up to *our* front gate in rags like dem whut he got on. I 'spec' he done walk all de way from Ferginny, or som'ers else."

Sonia and Lon were listening. Where now was Sonia's gold-striped blue coach, and four white horses, and General Lee? Where now was Lon's glorious warrior, mounted on a steed that all over was shiny black, except a blazing white star in the forehead? Uncle Lish was saying:

"Doan' I dun tole you dat when de Cap'm comes we's all gwine be s'prized? Ain't I tole you so? But hit's de Cap'm, yore own pappy. De good Lawd dun sont him back, widout no arms an' laigs cut off by dem dere what-you-may-callums what they shoots out'n dese yere cannoms. De Cap'm he look dusty and ragged, but he's all dere; and mos' of de bes' things we gits, we gits um kivvered wid dus' or wrop't up in rags. De Good Book say dat we even got

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de Lawd Jesus Hisself wrop't up in a ole coat
what some soljers rolled de bones for, when
dey dun got th'o' nailin' Him to dat cross.
Run up to de big house, little Miss and little
Massa; and doan' be skeer'd of yore own pappy
jes' kaze he ain' dressed up like General Lee."



THE SKABILLIKAN SPECTACLES

THIS isn't a story in which the hero is a prince, nor is the heroine a beautiful swan who turns out to be a fairy. It is about a very strange pair of spectacles! Did you ever hear of such a thing as a pair of spectacles being the hero—so to speak—of a story? If it is ridiculous to think of a story about spectacles, what will you say when you learn that the spectacles in this story are called "Skabillikan Spectacles"?

These are the strangest spectacles in the world. They are more uncanny than those x-rays which looked right through your cheeks, and showed your teeth and jaw-bone that time your dentist wanted to know something about your teeth which he couldn't see with *his* spectacles, and so sent you to Dr. Roberts to have him photograph you by a light which looked like denatured lightning.

Another strange thing about the Skabillikan Spectacles is that they can not be seen except

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when looked for by eyes which already have on a pair of Skabillikans. But with these spectacles, you can see what a thing really is. An apple, seen through the Skabillikans, shows whether it is sour or sweet, green or ripe, mellow or hard.

In fact, the Skabillikan Spectacles would be most useful to mother when she goes out marketing. Just think! No one can deceive her by selling her worm-eaten fruit, stale nuts, tough meat. She could see right through those things!

Put on a pair of these wonderful "specs" and go out calling on your friends. You will have some surprises. You might even be shocked. One of the first boys you meet is "Butter" Benson. "Butter" is round-faced and jolly-looking. Butter is generally eating something. He is a pleasant-looking boy. But when you put on the Skabillikans and look at him through them, you may be so astonished you will fall in your tracks. For what you see is not a fat little boy, but an animal with a big round body and four short legs, and a long snout, and a little curly tail! An animal

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which grunts and squeals for all the world like a pig!

The next one you meet is Bessie Blue. Everyone says that Bessie is "just too pretty for anything." She often wears a dainty dress, and a hat that would make even a bluebird look brighter. Blue stockings and the "sweetest" little shiny slippers complete her costume. While you are admiring Bessie, expecting any minute to see the bees come buzzing around her pretty lips, looking for honey as they do from other flowers besides a little girl's pink lips, you put up the Skabillikans. You are sure you will see angel-wings on those dear, dainty little shoulders; and that the slippers will be seen to be golden sandals with wings on them. Now for the look! With the Skabillikans over your eyes, you turn to gaze upon the real Bessie Blue. But she has disappeared. You can scarcely believe it, but you can't see her. If she had been a bubble—all shiny for a second or two, and then gone to nothing at a finger's touch,—she could not more quickly or more completely have disappeared. A moment ago she was here—all pink and white of face and hands, all gold and halo of head and hair, all

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sky-blue of eyes and dress—a fairy, fresh from fairy-land; and now, in two seconds she is gone!

On a twig of a little tree near by, chattering, squeaking, and admiring itself, sits—a blue jay! That is all you see—a vain, heartless, chattering, scolding jay: the bird which looks like a winged sunbeam and sounds like a sick door-hinge! The bird which cheers your eye, but is a thief of other birds' nests and of other birds' eggs! A jay! That is what the Skabillikans show Bessie Blue to be.

You go on making your visits, and you continue to meet with surprises. Some of your friends look more real and true seen through Skabillikans, but many are shown to be so much like certain birds, or even animals, that you want to shout with laughter or else run away in fear. Some seem to be forever talking, and, when looked at through the spectacles, they show up as parrots. The boys who are never happy unless quarreling and fighting all the time and boasting of how strong they are, the Skabillikans show to be roosters, terriers, cats, or some other kind of noisy, quarrelsome bird or animal. Some are so petty with it all, you

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can think of nothing but always-fighting English sparrows.

But happily only a few of your young friends disappoint you when you examine them through the Skabillikans. Many of them are fine little gentlemen and sweet little ladies.

That's the kind every one of us wants to be, so that when people who wear Skabillikans look at us they will not say, "What vain, what silly, what noisy, what quarrelsome girls and boys!" but, "What sensible, what polite, what courteous, what friendly, what lend-a-hand-like, what charming young people!"



GETTING ON THIRD BASE—AND GETTING OFF

THE score stood 3-3. The home team was coming to bat in the latter half of the ninth inning. Al, the home team pitcher, deserved better than an even break in the ninth inning. A muffed fly by one of the fielders, and a wild throw from center-field to third base, had accounted for two of the runs made by the visiting team. But Al was not "sore" because his team had not already won the game. He went in for a baseball game with all there was in him, and played the game as hard as he could every minute of the time,—that was Al.

He was the first man up in this latter half of the ninth inning. The visiting pitcher was himself a fine ball player, and no mean "finger," but Al made up his mind to get a hit one way or another. He said:

"I will try to out-guess him. If I were in the box and he at the bat, what would I do?"

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Al had just about decided that he would send an in-curve which would look as if it would hit the batter and so make him jump back out of the way, when the opposing pitcher sent over a very different kind of ball. It was known as a floater. It seemed to rise in the air like a toy balloon, and float toward the batter as if blown by a gentle breeze: a most deceptive ball! Al struck at it but missed it by a foot.

"Now, what would I give, as a second dose?" Al said.

Then he thought, "He will never guess that I will think he would send over two of a kind in succession. I will be ready for another floater."

Sure enough, here came the floater; but at that Al merely fouled it. It went for strike two. Then the pitcher had the ball again.

"If I were that pitcher," thought Al, "I would figure that the batter would look for any other ball I could throw, except a third floater in succession. I believe he will send me another."

The pitcher unloosed the ball, and it came floating very much like the other two. Al had

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out-guessed him. He waited calmly for it, what seemed to him like several minutes, but it was probably a fraction of a second. With a swinging wrist motion, rather than a long golf stroke, Al gave the ball a resounding crack, and it sailed over the second baseman's head for a clean single.

Now Ben, Al's catcher, came to the bat. They were fine batters,—Al and Ben, and the fans had given them many rounds of applause that afternoon. Ben, like Al, was in there to win the game, not to make an individual record and pile up glory for himself. He was part of the team, and not a solo artist. Ben walked to the plate with a determined air, drew his bat back over his right shoulder, clutching the end of it with both hands as much as to say to the pitcher and everyone else who was looking on:

“Now just watch me knock that ball out of the grounds.”

But inside of his head there was no such intention. What Ben was saying was this:

“I might or I might not get a good two-bagger or even a single. But if I make just a little in-field hit, there will be a double play.

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Besides there is none out so I had better sacrifice."

The visiting pitcher seemed to be in a floating frame of mind, because the first ball he sent to Ben, like the three he had just sent to Al were of the balloon variety. Ben would not have been one of the best catchers in the business if his eye and muscles were not very quick and very responsive to each other. The ball had not left the pitcher's hands more than ten feet when, like a flash, the bat came down, and Ben met that floating ball with a stroke that contained just enough force to knock it down two or three feet in front of the home plate. It was what the sport writers call "a perfect bunt." Ben raced for the first base as Al cleared out for second. Before Ben could reach first, the catcher had seized the bunted ball and with a perfect peg had sent it to the base. Ben was out, but Al was on second. Ben had played the game and "sacrificed" to advance his man.

On the big score board, Ben's name was the last on the batting list. The next man up was the first on that list,—none other than the celebrated Charlie. He had a great reputation for

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“waiting ’em out and getting on.” Charlie’s tactics sometimes succeeded, and sometimes they did not. As he stood there at the plate with Al on second, Charlie made up his mind he would wait for a good one. With his bat on his shoulder and waiting as if he were bored half to death, Charlie coolly eyed the pitcher, who had as much ice water in his own stare as Charlie had in his. He was quick to see that Charlie was expecting to be walked. Before Charlie knew what was happening, the visiting pitcher had sent a perfectly straight ball over the middle of the plate, waist high to the batter.

“Strike one,” the umpire remarked.

Then the pitcher purposely sent Charlie a “wide one.” That is, it was at least three feet from going over the plate.

“I will make him pitch me a good one,” said Charlie.

The pitcher was winding up for another one. Charlie stood again as if he were bored stiff. He did not intend to make a fool of himself striking at balls that would pass three feet from the plate. Look at this one now! He thought hurriedly, “Even the catcher will miss it.”

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But the ball which looked as if it were due to hit the back stop far to the catcher's right, suddenly took a turn when about two-thirds the distance from the pitcher to the batter, whizzed in and glided exactly across the middle of the plate, and fell "kerplunk" into the catcher's hand.

The unfeeling umpire said, "Strike two."

"That was a fluke," Charlie thought. "I never saw him pitch such curves as that before. I will get on yet. I will wait him out. I am going to get a good one, or I am not going to strike at it."

The opposing pitcher sent one that was entirely too high.

The umpire announced, "Ball two."

Two strikes, two balls on Charlie. Now the pitcher doubled up into knots, straightened out, and shot a ball so quick, fast, and hard that it passed over the plate just shoulder high, and with a loud, "plunk," stuck to the catcher's glove.

"Strike three! You're out," was the somewhat sarcastic order of the umpire.

Al still on second, one out because of a sac-

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rifice hit, and one out because a man was waiting to be walked!

Big Dan came up. Dan was a home run hitter, but to-day Dan had perhaps got orders to do something besides knocking home runs. He could have done as many another has under the circumstances, tried his best to knock the outside off the ball; but Dan made up his mind to bring Al in, if possible, with a winning run. It was another tussle between mind and mind, eye and eye, arm and arm. You will know how exciting it was when I tell you that the visiting pitcher had big Dan two strikes and big Dan had the visiting pitcher three balls. This "three and two" had been mixed up with several fouls. Dan tried to guess what the pitcher would do. He made up his mind that whatever the pitcher did, he would not purposely pass him by issuing another ball. Suddenly he thought that the next ball might be one of the style for which the visiting pitcher was famous. He choked his bat and stood ready. The pitcher rolled the ball off the end of his finger, and true to its form and to big Dan's guess, it came floating toward him like a child's toy.

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He gave a quick, accurate lick at it, and the ball went between short-stop and third base, rolling well down toward the concrete wall of left field. The left-fielder quickly retrieved the ball and threw to third base, not in time to put Al out but to hold him there for the next batter.

Last half of the ninth inning, home team batting, score 3-3! Big Dan on second base, Al on first, and Eddy coming to the bat!

Eddy was a temperamental player, but could be counted on to do anything that looked hard. He thought very well of Eddy and of Eddy's ability to hit any kind of ball sent by any kind of pitcher. Would he wait for a good one like Charlie? The pitcher in the box thought not, and his first offering to Eddy was one which went at least two feet beyond the end of Eddy's bat. Eddy stepped across the plate and reached for it. He managed to touch it with his bat, fouling it off a few feet, which of course went for "strike one," as the umpire lost no time in informing him. Then the pitcher sent him one that was high over his head. Eddy did the high jump act and again succeeded in knocking the ball down, but it

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fell outside the first base line and the "pesky" umpire again opened his voice of fate to say:

"Strike two."

Eddy felt sure that the next one would be in the place it ought to be. He was more than certain of this when he saw it head straight for him and straight for the middle of the plate. It was coming too hard and too fast to be anything but a straight, fast ball. Ready to strike it and knock it so far into Broad Street or the regions beyond, that it would never be heard of again, Eddy came for that ball with a terrific swing. You could hear the swish of the bat in every part of the ball park; but the disgusting thing was that when it was about three yards from his bat, that ball took an upslant and went over the plate as high in the air as Eddy's chin. The terrific blow of his bat hit nothing but air, for it passed at least fourteen inches below where the ball was.

The umpire said, "You are out. Side out!"

Big Dan on first base, Al on third and the side out! They had had a fine chance to win in the ninth but had failed because two men had played for their own glory and not for the team.

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Our homes are somewhat like a team in baseball. By hard work, clean thinking and sacrifice, our parents get along toward the winning of the game of life. The God who made us and set us in families evidently intended that there should be team-work to bring the best happiness and usefulness to all the members of our household.

Sometimes, alas, girls and boys think only of themselves and not of their parents or other members of the family, and will not do team-work. Sometimes a young man is like Charlie, waiting to be walked, looking for a good one, picking and choosing, not willing to go into the scrimmage and make the best of anything that comes across,—thus using his mind as well as his loyalty. Some baseball players accomplish a good deal by waiting to be walked; but as a rule the fellow who waits for a free pass to success is a fool, and in addition to that is a traitor to the home team.

Again, a son or daughter may put the home side out by following the tactics of Eddy. They strike at the things that are outside the grooves of honesty and truth. A crooked game suits them exactly because their minds are crooked.

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They would rather strike at a job that is low down or off the straight line, than one that is honest and sincere.

Such players not only fail to help win the game, but they bring reproach and unhappiness upon their homes.



A TRIP TO BOOK-TOWN

AFTER a long and happy vacation, school had begun again. Some of the girls declared that they were glad and even eager to get back to school; but then, George thought, with the ungallantry of ten-years, "No notice is to be taken of girls for they haven't much sense anyhow."

There wasn't a boy in George's circle of immediate friends who shared any of the feminine enthusiasm for the reopening of school. But on the first day, George's mother was insistent and his father was emphatic, and so George trudged off to the Chamber of Horrors in the Land of Torture.

It was not so bad the first day, however. About all you did was to be told in what room you would be seated and what books would be needed, and then you got the books and went home.

That night George put his books on a chair by the side of his bed; not because he was fond

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of looking at them but because that was as good a place as any, and he would be less likely to forget them the next morning if they were where he was bound to see them. He lay on his bed and looked at those books. The longer he looked at them, the larger they became. They swelled in size until they were like the big stones from which a huge wall is built. He looked again and they were as large as a room. In another moment they were as big as a church, and all of the books were standing in a row. In fact what George now saw was a street in Book-town where every house was in the shape of a book.

George got up out of bed and walked along Book-town Street. He looked up at the shiny sides of the book-buildings and stopped in front of the tallest and thinnest of them. He thought he heard a voice say, "You must go in and learn what is inside those book-houses." George hated the idea. Besides he didn't think he would be able to get in. The book-houses seemed to be walled up and sealed with glue. He walked toward the tall and slender book-building. When he got near, he saw it had a door which, until then, he had not noticed.

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

Again the voice urged. He went up and put his hand on the door. It opened to his touch. At first he wondered if it was a kind of trick. What if the teachers locked him up in there and he couldn't get out again! What would he do? Teachers were "hard boiled" people anyhow, who had no feeling for a fellow in trouble. George pushed the door a little wider and peeped in. It was not at all uninteresting.

This book-building was a Geography House. It was wonderful what he found inside. There was a great ball, all shining as if it were covered with gold and set with jewels. This ball seemed to be flying in the air with nothing to hold it. On this golden ball there were wide stretches of beautiful lands, broad fields with sheep and cows eating the grass, brooks running through soft green meadows. These brooks flowed into other brooks. Further on they poured into rivers. The rivers flowed with other rivers, making great streams on which rafts, and steam boats, and canoes, and other craft floated. The rivers finally lost themselves in vast lakes and seas which were so big George could not see the farther shores.

Next, George noticed lands that were cov-

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ered with snow, and mountains that looked like big peaks of ice, and bears with fur as white as the snow around them, and funny-looking, fat people clothed in dark skins, and sledges drawn by big, long-haired dogs. Then again he saw other places where the trees were thick and vines grew amongst them, where the heat of the sun was scorching, and parakeets screamed and monkeys chattered in the branches of the trees, while great cat-like animals crawled along, just as a house-cat creeps when about to spring upon a bird.

George saw also "funny" cities where the roofs of the houses were turned up along the edge, and other cities where the buildings seemed to go up into the very clouds. He saw lands where people lived in stone dwellings with roofs made of straw, and others where they lived in flimsy little bird-nest cottages which rested only on poles driven into the bottom of lakes or rivers. He saw railway trains dashing across wide, level lands, or shooting into tunnels under mountain ranges. He saw sailing ships and steam vessels coming and going, ploughing through sunlit seas which

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sparkled with dazzling glory as the ships cut into the dark, blue waters.

George was made both hungry and happy by some of the countries which he next saw in this wonderful book-building. There were lands where dark-skinned people were gathering nuts, and other lands filled with the smells of flowers, of spices, of strange, sweet fruits. He saw coffee beans in high heaps, ready to be bagged and shipped to all ports; and he saw delicate fingers picking leaves which were to be dried and sold in every land as delicious tea. In other places he saw wide fields of sugarcane, and heard the long, green blades, like blades of giant grass, rustling in the warm rain.

After a time George ceased to notice what was going on in this big Geography House. The next thing he knew it was morning. He was lying on his bed facing the books which he had put on the chair the night before. Standing in front of the other books was his tall, wide, thin geography. No wonder it had looked like a house, as he dozed, half-awake, half-asleep.

When he told his friends at school about his queer visit to Book-town and Geography

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House, they at first laughed and told him he had been dreaming. But later they all agreed that his dream had something in it. They made Geography House many visits during school hours and found it as much fun as going to an exposition.

They found out also, George and his classmates, that there were other book-houses in the exposition grounds. And now, that they had begun to learn how to see the sights, and learn what they were all about, these boys were not as much pained to have to go to school as they had thought they would be. It was George who one day made the large and generous ten-year-old admission that "girls do know some things after all."



RUNTY

NO ONE seems to know just who gave him the name. But then no one need have been in doubt why he was called "Runty," for he was in appearance just what the name suggests. He had begun life like other boy babies, sound of body, but was way-laid in one of his earlier years—by infantile paralysis, perhaps, or it may have been a fall.

There was something very interesting about the little face, and when the boys and girls called their new little schoolmate, "Runty," it was not in the sense of "pokin' fun at him." His folks had just moved into the neighborhood, and little was known of them except that Runty's father was dead, and that Runty's oldest brother supported the family by working in a printing office.

Runty found it hard work to learn. His feeble body was the reason why he had been kept out of school until he was nearly ten years old. And he was far behind other ten-year-

RUNTY

olds, who were in sixth grade. But Runty was a determined little fellow, and the Principal was a fine, handsome woman with soft eyes. Those eyes were so gentle that they gave no hint of her power to see inside a boy's mind. The Principal talked with him and told him to try hard, and not to be discouraged, and that some day he would be "the pride of the school." Runty *did* try hard. At times he almost gave up trying, but each time Teacher found out somehow that he was about to give up, and would call him to her at close of school and urge him to renewed effort.

Runty did not want to be different from other children. He knew his *body* was different—but he realized that the other children did not tease him as they did "Red-head" or "Froggie," or "Snubby." Runty talked with Teacher about his wish to be strong of body, to enter the games, to play rough-and-tumble with the others. But Teacher was noncommittal. Secretly she felt that Runty's mis-shapen little body would never be able to compete with normal bodies in the rough sports of childhood. And, indeed, after a painful experience, Runty himself was almost of the same

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mind as Teacher. Once in a game of tag, Runty was doing the best he could to escape a pursuing "tagger" when he collided with another boy. The shock of pain which he felt made him so ill he had to sit down and lean against a tree for support.

But Runty was not whipped in one battle. Nearly every time he got into the general scrimmage on the playgrounds he was hurt. Sometimes his hurt was so severe it lasted all day and went to bed with him at night.

Teacher learned of some of these accidents from Runty and of some from other children. One day she took Runty into the office of the school's physician, who carefully examined the little fellow, and looked very serious. He sent Runty out of the room before he told Teacher what he thought. Runty dimly guessed that the doctor was afraid for so frail a boy to play with other boys; his guess was confirmed by what Teacher told him.

"You must not run and jump, little man," she said to him. "The doctor wants you to wait until you get stronger. He's afraid you may be badly hurt."

It was hard work for Runty to keep from

RUNTY

playing with the other children, for his heart was a boy's, and he wanted to be a boy. But he knew that the doctor and Teacher were right and tried hard to be happy and grow strong. Of course there was not much fun in doing the exercises which were set for him: for the doctor had made out a list of things for Runty to do. He was a good doctor, and he wanted to see this little boy grow up into a man with a sound body. He told Runty that it would depend on himself, very largely. Runty took his exercises faithfully, deep breathing and all, and soon he was improving in strength and weight.

Four years! Isn't that a long, long time to have to do anything? But all these four years Runty was at work in school and out, trying to overcome his handicaps of a frail body and a late start at books. How had Runty succeeded? At the end of these four years, Runty was no longer behind the others of his years! He had not only caught up with them, but was the best student in the class. He had, too, very greatly improved in body.

When he was promoted to First Year High,

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he was allowed to take part in some of the games.

He had very strong arms and shoulders, even if his back was twisted, and he used to practice pitching a ball at a spot on the wall. He came to have very fine control. In scrub games of baseball, Runty sometimes pitched an inning or two.

One day the Coach saw him pitch, and later called him aside.

"Thornton," he said, "you can learn to be a pitcher, if you want to try."

This was such good news that "Runty" Thornton almost cried for joy. But here again it was a very long, hard fight against handicaps. His back just *would* feel the strain, and just *would* pain him. But he worked hard, listening to every word the Coach said, and tried to follow instructions to the very letter. There was a helper to the Coach, and he used to massage Runty's back and shoulders. There came a day when the Coach sent Runty in the box to pitch. It was Runty's proudest day. But the people who were there to see the game frightened him. He wondered if they were talking about him. He had "stage fright," and

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had to be taken out of the box in the first inning.

Here again, he saw, was a handicap he must overcome: he was too "self-conscious." He knew he must get used to people, and forget them, if he wished ever to succeed. So he took part in debates, forced himself to speak in public, went to church and asked to be one of the boy-ushers, and, in every way he could think of, accustomed himself to being stared at.

A big game was on. Runty's home team, and the Lawton Street High's team were to cross bats. It was the big game of the season, and Runty hoped he might be tried out to pitch. He had conquered his fear of being looked at, and had steadily, with fine perseverance, spent hours throwing balls at a spot on the brick walls of the school house, and elsewhere. He had practiced the "knuckle ball," the "ins" and "outs," the "highs" and "lows." He was, he thought, especially good on the "slow teaser."

But the Coach did not start Runty. He told him to be on hand, in uniform. He sent Runty down near first base, to coach runners. Runty felt indignant in spite of himself. But he was

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too self-controlled to show any disappointment, and went down to first, where he kept up such a chatter that he had his own team in good spirits, laughing, and full of fight.

In the fourth inning, "Froggy" Shelbane, who was pitching for the home team, hurt his wrist, and had to be taken out. The score was 2-2, and the Lawton Street Highs were looking more dangerous every minute.

When "Froggy" went out, Runty thought surely he would be put in. But Coach sent in Benton. Once more Runty felt hurt. But he knew that, too, was one of his handicaps, which *must be* overcome. So he swallowed hard, and with a smile started his line of chatter again: teasing the Lawton Street pitcher; making humorous remarks to the runners.

The teams were very evenly matched. In the eighth inning, Lawton Street tied the score at 5-5. But in the home team's half they came in with another run. The ninth inning opened with the score 6-5 in favor of Runty's mates. Benton seemed to be "all in." The first man up hit for a single. Then Benton walked the next batter. There was consternation in the

RUNTY

home team ranks. Runty's voice rose above the noise from the stands and side lines:

"That's right, Benton, take pity on 'em. Let 'em feel they're havin' a good time. All aboard now! This is where they stop. Good boy, Benton. You'll get this one: it's one, two, three, and the showers for him!"

Benton seemed to take renewed strength and courage from what Runty said. Every home team player and rooter seemed to breathe more easily.

Benton wound up and let go. Crack! A single! Swift work in the left field had held the runner on third, but the bases were full, and none out! Benton was through. He did not even look over where the Coach stood. He took off the glove and marched from the field, defeated. Runty tried to "pep him up," but it was too late. Runty heard Coach Wardlaw saying in his ear:

"Go in, Runty, and hold 'em. You can do it. This is what I've saved you for. You can keep those Lawton Streeters frozen on their bases."

The home team grounds had never been more tense and silent, but Runty had conquered too

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many handicaps in life to be unnerved. Every eye was staring at him, but not once did he think of himself, of his crooked back, or of anything else except the science of pitching and the art of out-guessing the batter. Runty's "teaser" floated over the home plate three times, and each time the Lawton Street batter missed it.

"Whee!" Now it was the noise and hubbub! Hundreds of "Atta boy's," and "Give it to 'em, Runty," came his way. But Runty used his training in self-discipline again, and shut his ears. He was thinking only of the next batter, a dangerous man. Already he had hit a single and a double in this game.

Runty thought:

"This bird will guess that I will not send him a hot out-curve. I'll guess I do."

He did. The dangerous batter missed it by about eighteen inches.

"He'll *know* I wouldn't dare do it again," thought Runty. And that must have been Harkness' thought, for the big fellow again missed. The fans and rooters in the stands were howling. The players were dancing like idiots. The cheer leaders were on the job. But



Runty coolly drops the ball into Marshall's hands

RUNTY

Runty heard nothing. He was trying to out-guess Harkness. The Coach came over:

"Give him a close in-shoot, Runty." Harkness had made up his mind that Runty had nothing but out-shoots. So when the in-shoot came, as if it had been fired from a gun, Harkness jumped back, just in time to see it swirl like a hot, leaden shot over the plate, and fall into the catcher's hand, "Plump!"

"Strike three! You're out!"

You never heard such noise. The three runners on base had actually been marooned! The Lawton Street Nine had only one more chance.

Runty signalled to the catcher. They whispered together for just a moment. Runty went into the box. He kept cutting his eyes around at first base. Suddenly a great yell tore the air:

"Look out, Runty."

Hosmer, Lawton Street's lead-off man, was stealing home from Third. And Runty seemed asleep. Now Hosmer is over half-way home, and getting ready to slide in. Marshall, home team's catcher, is in position to make a put-out, but Runty has the ball. Refusing to be hurried, to be rattled, Runty coolly drops the ball

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into Marshall's hands who tags the runner with it, and the game is over.

Runty felt repaid when he heard the Coach of the Lawton Street crowd say to his own Coach:

"Congratulate you. Your boys played a good game. But we'd have beaten you had it not been for that cold-blooded, deaf-and-dumb piece of mis-shapen ice you put in at the last minute."

Runty knew he had conquered the greatest of handicaps, self, and it made him happy that the careless but not ill-intended words had no sting.



THE GAY YOUNG LOCOMOTIVE

RALPH sat without moving. His mother had just asked him to go down cellar and bring up some wood for the fire.

"Ralph," said Mrs. Joyner, "didn't you hear me? The fire will go out, and we need it to take the chill off the house these nights. Go down and get some wood. I'll not speak to you again, but will go myself."

Ralph arose from the easiest chair in the room, where he'd been lolling before the very home fire he did not want to help keep burning. He assumed that expression so often seen on the face of a boy who can run, hop, skip, jump and otherwise "cavort" for hours, but who at once becomes utterly exhausted and looks the dying martyr when mother asks him to get up from the table and get another serving spoon out of the side-board drawer five feet away. As he moved slowly toward the door which led to the cellar, he gave his views on the subject of being "bossed around."

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"A guy can't sit down in peace a minute," he said, "without somebody telling him to do this, that, or t'other." He had been sitting in the easiest chair in the room for over an hour. He had moved into it from a chair at the supper table, and had played with a book, pencil, and piece of paper as if he were studying. Camouflage!

"I get tired being drove like an ox."

"Driven, Ralph," said Uncle Tony.

"Well, anyway I don't like to be forever doing what I'm told. Everywhere I go, someone tells me what to do and what not to do. At home, my parents: at school, the teachers: on the streets, the policemen—all of 'em boss me around and I just *have* to mind them. Wish I could live where no one has to obey anybody or anything."

"Well, Ralph," said Uncle Tony, "get that wood, I want to tell you about a fine, beautiful engine I once saw."

Uncle Tony was a railroad man,—and a "big one." Ralph had often boasted to the other boys that his Uncle Tony was nearly the President of the G. R. and G. "He runs the old road," Ralph would say. As a matter of

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fact, Uncle Tony was a train dispatcher; but that was a big job in the eyes of Ralph and the other boys his age. So when Uncle Tony said he was going to tell him about a fine "engine," Ralph was at once interested. He brought the wood, sighed loudly, as if the task had nearly ruined his health, and sat down to hear about the engine.

"The engine was No. 12," began Uncle Tony. (That was Ralph's age, "going on thirteen") "I call it 'The Gay Young Locomotive.' They had recently brought it from the locomotive works, and it was the latest thing in railroad passenger engines. Like a fine race-horse it was; with no extra weight, but big and powerful. The engineers and firemen were crazy about the Gay Young Locomotive. All of 'em hoped they'd be the first to make No. 12 pull a fast express train."

Uncle Tony stopped to see if Ralph was following. Yes! Machinery of any and all kinds interested him. Uncle Tony went on:

"You know we railroad men get to think of engines as we think of people. We can hear 'em talk. We talk back to 'em. The Gay Young Locomotive was a great talker, and I'll

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not call it 'it,' but I'll call it, 'him.'” He stopped to see if Ralph was following. “I mean, I'll speak of No. 12 as if it were a man—or a big, strong boy. Well, the first run the Gay Young Locomotive made, you should have seen him roll out of the station at the head of ten heavy coaches. ‘Chuff, chuff,’ he said, ‘just look at me. I'm the finest engine ever set on two rails.’ How easily and how gracefully he rolled away with those heavy cars!

“He pulled that fast train to Harrisburg, and another one back; and when taken out to the round-house, he was not tired one bit. He felt as gay and frisky as a dog. He seemed to wag his coupling-link like a dog wags his tail. He seemed to be jumping and barking like a happy dog. ‘Chuff! chuff!’

“In the round-house, No. 12 told about all the lovely country he had seen, and ended with:

“‘Some day I mean to leave the track, and take a long, happy run over the grassy fields and among the blue hills.’

“‘Stick to the track, young feller; stick to the track,’ warned a big, black freight engine, that was fuming and sputtering,—getting tuned up to haul a heavy train of coal cars.

THE GAY YOUNG LOCOMOTIVE

"The older engines all warned the Gay Young Locomotive to stay on the track.

"In spite of his threat to get off the track and take a long stroll, for many weeks the Gay Young Locomotive was very useful, and not unhappy. He hauled passengers to Washington, to New York, and to Atlantic City. He saw and enjoyed the open country. There was one beautiful curve he especially liked to pass over, for from its high embankment he could see miles and miles of lovely country,—streams, lakes, trees, hills, and houses!

"The Gay Young Locomotive decided that this was the very spot to go off for a run through the country. One day, while gliding along the smooth rails, the Gay Young Locomotive saw a twisted place in the track. 'Whee-e-e!' he whistled in delight, 'here's my chance to get away from the track and have a good time.'

"So the Gay Young Locomotive gave a great leap, expecting to light on his feet,—uh, er, wheels,—and run away over the fields. But when he struck, he began to roll over and over down the embankment. This hurt terribly, and the Gay Young Locomotive began to yell

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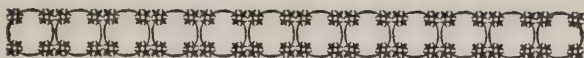
with pain and fright. To make matters worse, the cars all followed the Gay Young Locomotive, and 'Bump! Crash! Bang!' they came tumbling on him, breaking his bones and scratching him frightfully.

"When workmen finally got the cars cleared away, and were ready to lift the Gay Young Locomotive back to the track, he was a sad sight; all battered, and broken, and scratched. He was hauled to a locomotive hospital, where the doctors fixed him up.

"You will be pleased to know that since that experience, the Gay Young Locomotive has no more desire to get off the track.

"Stick to the track, Ralph. The laws of home and school and state, and especially the laws of God, are our track, and our truest freedom is in obeying them."

"Hunh!" said Ralph, "Hunh!" But he was thinking about the Gay Young Locomotive just the same.



FLUFFY DUFF

FLUFFY DUFF was the downiest kitten you ever saw. And even after she grew up, she deserved her name. Her fur always looked as if it had just been thoroughly dry-cleaned, brushed, and otherwise made to look like a great lady's finest coat.

Then, too, Fluffy Duff had a good home. Her mistress was kind-hearted and gentle. She was never known to take a broom and chase Fluffy Duff out of the house with terrifying "scats."

It should be said, too, that Fluffy Duff's own home neighbors were much like Fluffy Duff's own home people. They were an elderly husband and wife, these Neighbors; and at times Fluffy Duff would go over and make them a call. She would daintily pick her way around to the kitchen door, and if she could hear anyone in the kitchen, Fluffy Duff would give the gentlest, most lady-like "Mew" anyone ever

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heard. When Mrs. Neighbor heard her, she would say:

"My goodness! There's Fluffy Duff!"—and she would open the kitchen door. Fluffy Duff was very polite, she would walk half-way in, and stop, look up at Mrs. Neighbor, flick her tail, and say, "Good morning!" Of course she said it in cat language, but Mrs. Neighbor always understood and invited Fluffy Duff to "come on in, and don't stand there; I can't close the door until you come all the way in."

Thus urged, Fluffy Duff would proudly sail into the kitchen, flag at full mast—I mean, tail standing straight up! Fluffy Duff would rub up against Mrs. Neighbor, and say "Bur-r-r-r," softly and gently, which meant: "We are good old pals, aren't we?" She would look toward the ice-box, and then back at Mrs. Neighbor; and that good lady would say, "Some milk, Fluffy Duff?"

Fluffy Duff always said, "Mew," in a soft voice, which meant, "Thank you, kindly; I *could* drink a little milk."

All this was so well known at Fluffy Duff's home and at Mrs. Neighbor's that when she wanted to make a visit last all day and even

FLUFFY DUFF

over night, Mrs. Renton, Fluffy Duff's mistress, would say, "She's visiting over at the Neighbors."

One day when Mrs. Renton was called, by telegram, to Boston, where her father was very sick, she could not find Fluffy Duff. Mrs. Renton had to hurry to catch the train, and could not even take time to go see the Neighbors, and ask them to look after Fluffy Duff. Mr. Renton met his wife at the station but it was not until they were on the train that she had time to say to her husband:

"I didn't see Fluffy Duff. She was over at the Neighbors. They'll hear I was suddenly called to Boston, and keep kitty until we get home." She would not have been so contented had she known that the night before, Mr. and Mrs. Neighbor had suddenly gone on a visit to a married daughter living in Washington.

Meanwhile Fluffy Duff was in trouble. She had been sunning herself on the back porch when Mrs. Renton was looking for her. After the house was all locked up Fluffy Duff wanted to go in. She asked at all the doors, but could not hear anyone moving about inside. She then went over to her other home, across the

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

street. She listened at the kitchen door but it was so still and quiet that Fluffy Duff went around to the other doors and mewed just as she had been doing at home. Discouraged, she found a warm place, and slept a while; then tried all doors of both houses again, but no one opened them.

When the sunshine went away, she felt lonely, and wanted still more to get inside one or the other of the houses. She tried again. There was no window open, but she did find a narrow place which let her pass under the back kitchen of Mrs. Neighbor's house. This kitchen had been built on years after the main house, and they had not dug out for the cellar under it.

After a week or more in Boston, the Rentons came home, but they could not find Fluffy Duff. The next day the Neighbors came back, and Mrs. Renton learned that they had been away all the time she had been in Boston. Where was Fluffy Duff? All the houses in the block, and many others, were visited, or called on the 'phone, but no one had seen the pet cat.

That night, after supper, Mr. Neighbor went out into the back kitchen for some kindling

FLUFFY DUFF

wood. He thought he heard a faint mew. He stopped and waited. "Mew!" "Kitty, kitty." "Mew." "Now, where can that cat be?" he asked himself. He got a flashlight and went outside, and shot the light around under the kitchen, but he saw no cat; and no place where a cat could hide. But he heard the faint mew again.

He stopped to think a moment or two. Then suddenly he remembered that the back kitchen had been built over an old well. Maybe the cat was in the well. He went quickly, and told his wife. They ripped some planks from the back-kitchen floor, and sure enough there was a broken board where the well had been covered. They soon tore away more of the rotten boards, and the flashlight showed the two round blazing mirrors of a cat's eyes. Poor Fluffy Duff was in the old well! It was fortunate for her that the well was partly filled with bricks and other trash, or else she would have certainly drowned. Fortunately she had been able to get the water she needed to drink, for it was not all of it covered by the stones and brick-bats that had been dumped there.

Mr. Neighbor tied a rope to a basket, and

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tried to fish Fluffy Duff out of the well. It was a long hard hour's work before it occurred to them to bait the basket with a piece of meat firmly fastened to the bottom of the basket. This trick worked, and the poor frightened cat was raised from the well.

They fed her some warm milk—for of course she had not had time to eat the meat that was fastened on the bottom of the basket. She had got into the basket to try to get it; but her human friends had drawn her up quickly and not allowed her to touch it for they knew she should not be given meat when nearly starved.

Soon the Rentons were called over, by 'phone. They were happy to see Fluffy Duff, but sad too; for she was so thin, so bedraggled they hardly knew her. But Mrs. Renton took her home, brushed her, fed her, and nursed her back to health.

Fluffy Duff's claws were entirely worn away! She had tried and tried uncounted times to get herself out of that well into which she had fallen. She had failed. It required someone greater, and higher, and wiser than Fluffy Duff to get her up out of that well. And it requires

FLUFFY DUFF

Some One greater and higher and wiser than we are to pull us up out of the well of sin and failure into which we fall. We may wear out all human powers; but only the divine Saviour can bring us back to the true sunlight.



THE UGLY BRAT

NED was not exactly happy. How could he be? Just that very morning his mother had asked him if he had been one of the boys who threw stones at Mrs. Blanton's windows, breaking a number of panes of glass while that lady was away for the day. To be sure, Mrs. Blanton had run the boys out of her strawberry patch and called them names. And to be sure he, Ned, had not expected the windows would be broken. He had thrown stones, just three stones—and one of them had registered a hit and shattered the glass of a window. Then the boys had run, and now Ned was doubly troubled: he not only had broken the glass, but he had denied to his mother that he had even thrown stones. In plain English, he had told a lie; and he felt badly about it. His mother had believed him, and sent him off to school with a very cheerful "Good-bye," as if glad to know that *her* boy was not so naughty as to throw stones at people's windows.

THE UGLY BRAT

As Ned was on the way down the street, he heard a noise behind him. He looked around and saw the strangest creature! It was like a very large toad, and was all covered with warts and bumps, from which long, wiggly hairs grew. It winked and blinked—but with only an eye at a time, so one eye was always open and looking at him.

Ned was frightened, and he started to run away. But when he stopped the big frog-like thing was still near him, cool as ice-cream; not flustered, not panting, but just there waiting, winking and blinking.

“What do you want? and who are you?” Ned was able to say in a weak, shaky voice: he was shivering with fear.

“I am your lie; I’m growing fat;

I am your own little Ugly Brat.”

“Go away and leave; you ugly thing!” said the excited boy.

“I’ll not go ’way; I tell you that—

For I am your own dear Ugly Brat.”

Then the Brat hopped, and winked, and tried to look pleasant, and only looked that much more ugly.

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"O! I'll follow you, Ned, like a cat follows a rat;

I'm like your shadow—I'm your Ugly Brat."

Ned heard the second bell ring, and had to go into the school-room. The Brat came hopping along cheerfully. Ned was greatly surprised; he thought that all the other children would scream and run out, but nobody did. No one even laughed at the Ugly Brat, or seemed to notice it at all.

The Brat cuddled down like a dog, under Ned's desk. When Ned rose and walked, the Brat went with him. It followed him to the play ground. He would almost forget it, and then would see it winking and blinking at him, and hear it saying:

"A lie is a Brat, and it follows a boy

Who must tell his mother, or have no joy."

The Brat followed Ned home. It hopped up the steps behind him. He slammed the door quickly, but he did not shut the Brat outside.

The Brat went to supper with him, and sat by his chair. Every now and then he heard the Brat say:

"I am your own little Ugly Brat:—

Tell your mother, and I will scat."

THE UGLY BRAT

Ned thought he would lose the Brat when he went to bed; but it hopped up and sat on the pillow beside his head. He could not sleep. Every time he dozed, the Brat began to squawk: "A lie will follow you, 'twill sleep in your bed; A lie unconfessed is a lie well-fed."

Late at night, Ned got up and went and told his mother all about it; he promised never again to throw stones at windows, and never, *never*, *never*, again to tell her a lie.

When he went back to his room he was almost afraid to open the door. But when he did, there was no Ugly Brat there. Where had it gone? Nobody knows, but Ned never saw that Ugly Brat again.



THE SHIPBUILDER

KING JUSTUS was greatly beloved. No wonder, for he was both good and wise! King Justus had many people working for him, some building houses; some ploughing and sowing seed, caring for the crops, and gathering the harvests; some were in his army as soldiers and some in his navy as sailors. Everybody seemed glad to do the best work he could for good King Justus.

There was one man who was master-builder for the king's ships. King Justus was proud of his ships, and he loved the fine men who sailed them and brought cargoes of good things from far-away lands.

One day a man came to see the king, and asked if he could speak to him in private. This being permitted, the man said:

"Sire, your chief-shipbuilder is not doing his work right. He buys cheap, worm-eaten lumber instead of fine, seasoned oak with which to build the ships. He is stealing from you by

THE SHIPBUILDER

taking money for a good ship and giving you poor materials and poor workmanship.”

At first King Justus did not believe this, but he sent some men whom he could trust to find out if it was true. He learned with sorrow that the shipbuilder was really cheating him. A short time after this the king announced that a great and splendid ship would be built, fit to be the flag-ship of the fleet. He called in the dishonest shipbuilder and told him in the presence of many lords and ladies, what kind of ship he wanted and said:

“Now Shipbuilder, put the best that there is of every material in the ship, and I will pay all the expenses.”

So the dishonest shipbuilder went off and started building. He sent to the king's treasury for gold and silver and pretended to be buying the best materials of every kind from all over the world, but he was stealing a lot of the money and putting cheap and rotten things into the vessel. When the building was completed, he painted the ship so that the rotten, worm-eaten planks looked strong and good.

There came a day when the new ship was to be turned over to the king. Everybody who

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could come, was there. King Justus made the shipbuilder a speech. He said:

“Shipbuilder, I told you to build the finest and best ship of the very best materials in the world; and now that you have done as I told you, I am going to reward you by giving you the ship. As a sign of the way I honor you for what you have done, I command that you and all your family get on board this ship and sail out on the sea. We will put enough provisions on board to last a long time, and you must not go ashore for all that time. You must sail the seas in this very fine vessel which you have built.”

Only a few people knew that the king was punishing the dishonest shipbuilder.

The shipbuilder, had he known just what the king intended to do, would have built differently. For he now found that he had been robbing himself when he built a dishonest ship, for he and all his family had to stay on the sea summer weather and winter, sunshiny days and stormy, in a craft that was cheaply built with worm-eaten and rotten planks and boards.

That shipbuilder is just like some boys and girls who have got to build the ship in which

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they sail through life, and who don't always put honest work into it.

When boys and girls do not study their lessons they are putting rotten planks into the ship of education; when they are lazy and untruthful or quarrelsome, they are putting cheap timbers in the ship on which they must sail all through life.



DEAD FISH REEF

FOR days the cold waves of the northern ocean had been rolling and heaving beneath driving mists and rain. For days neither sun, nor moon, nor star had been seen. The great ship had plowed her way onward in fog and mist, through which no eye could see for more than a few cable-tow lengths beyond her bows.

Aloft in the crow's nest one watchful sailor after another had kept his eyes turned in the direction the ship was going. And in the very bow, on the main deck, another lookout was always on the watch. At any moment there might loom up out of the fog or rain the form of another vessel, across their bows; or an iceberg might come suddenly and dangerously into view; or some derelict, some floating corpse of a once gallant ship, might threaten the living craft with destruction.

No wonder then that both lookouts were ever watchful. Not alone the lives of their compan-

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ions, the ship's officers and crew and the passengers, but also their own lives depended upon their wakefulness and alert watching.

In the dull, slow afternoon of the fifth day since they had first burst into what seemed a world of rain and mist, and had been sailing like a ghost-ship through a world where none could see, the lookout at the bow heard, or fancied he heard, the deep, far-off sound of a tolling bell:

"Dong, dong!"

"Ahoy, aloft," he cried to the lookout in the crow's nest.

"Ay, ay," came the reply of the watcher of the sea.

"Do you hear a bell?"

"No."

But in another moment, the lookout again heard that distant doleful peal:

"Dong, dong!" Nearer and clearer.

Soon also the lookout in the crow's nest heard the warning sounds.

Though they were unaware of it, they were nearing a long, low-lying reef, jutting out, at varying depths, from the mainland for nearly two hundred miles. Parts of the reef were

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worn away, or broken by storms, and vessels might sail over those parts without great danger. But much of it stretched like a gigantic crocodile, the back of which was just beneath the surface of the water. A particularly dangerous stretch of it was called "Dead Fish Reef," from the resemblance, real or fancied, of its dark brown form to a huge dead fish, floating almost submerged in the waves. On this part of the reef a bell had been placed, to warn mariners to alter their course if they heard the bell ringing ahead of them. Those cold northern seas were so veiled by fogs, so ridden by storms, so swathed in mists, that a lighthouse would have done little if any good. And moreover, who would ever consent to stay as keeper of a light placed on those half-sunken rocks in those lonely grey seas? It was this warning bell on Dead Fish Reef which the lookouts heard. They were men of the sea. They knew that such a bell, tolling ahead of them, meant great danger. Instantly they reported to the officer in charge:

"A bell, dead ahead, sir."

The officer listened. "It will be the bell on

DEAD FISH REEF

Dead Fish Reef," he said. "I will report to the captain."

But the captain scoffed at the idea of being anywhere near Dead Fish Reef.

"We are five hundred miles from that reef," he growled.

He had been sailing by dead reckoning. It has already been recorded that neither sun, moon, nor star had been seen in days. The shifting currents, the insidious varying winds, (blowing even in the fog, veering swiftly, and as swiftly returning) had confused him; but he was stubborn, and would not admit that his ship had drifted or had been navigated so far out of its pre-determined course.

The officer, the two lookouts, and even some of the passengers stoutly declared to the captain that they heard the bell. In fact, by this time it was very distinct. Everyone aboard except the captain heard its alarming toll, booming out above the snarling seas:

"Dong, dong!"

The mariners begged him to alter his course. The passengers became frantic. Some of them fell on their knees, and they too begged him to change the ship's course, to take some pre-

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caution, even if he himself did not hear the bell. He may have been deaf. More likely he was stubborn, too wilfully proud to admit that he had made a bad job of sailing his ship. The sailors were preparing to rush upon him and compel him to steer away from the sound of the bell. The passengers were frantically praying him not to expose them to the danger of a sunken reef and a grave in the cold north seas with mists and fogs as their shrouds; the first officer was on his way to seize the wheel, even if he had to kill his senior officer to do it—it was too late. The stubborn captain had set his jaws, and held the ship straight on her course. There came a mighty swell. It lifted the brave ship, and dropped her down half way over Dead Fish Reef. The huge hulk cracked as if a birch bark canoe had been split against sharp rocks in the dangerous rapids of some swollen torrent. Above the din of crashing timbers and breaking waves, men and women shrieked. Then the ship lurched and slid with her precious burden of human lives into the dismal waters. The ocean and the mist closed in. Above the sobbing seas there rolled out, a few rods away from where the ship had found her last rest-

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ing place, the notes of that messenger of warning:

"Dong! dong!"

As we sail the ship of life, our own life, through the mists of this world, there are bells which God has set to warn us of the spots where the greatest dangers lie. In our bosoms is a still small voice which cries:

"Wrong, wrong!"

The voices of good parents, of wise teachers, of true friends beg us to heed that warning bell. The Book which speaks of itself as a lamp to our feet and a light to our pathway—that Book, too, calls out:

"Wrong, wrong!"

The voice of God's church cries out:

"Wrong! Wrong!"

Alas, too often, the commander of our human craft, the Will, is proud and stubborn; too often it refuses to admit that its calculation can be anything but correct.

When the warning bells of the soul ring forth their deep tones through the fog and mist of pleasure, of heedlessness, *"Wrong, wrong!"* may we have the good sense to turn away, to re-route our ship, to miss that deadly peril.



A NEW APRIL FOOL GAME

WAS there ever a boy or a girl who didn't like to play some kind of trick on All Fool's Day? It certainly is a lot of fun to tie a string to a pocket-book, and hide behind the corner, and then to pull the string and snatch the pocket-book away from an old gentleman who is stooping to pick it up.

Arthur and Henry had been planning for days how they would play tricks on everybody. They knew a lot of old pranks, and thought they could "hatch out" some new ones. There was to be a box of candy caramels flavored with soap; there were to be empty-looking paper bags full of stones for somebody to use as a football, —and all that kind of thing.

On the day before, they were very busy thinking and working up their plans. Mother saw that they were busy, and because she knew that the first of April was next day, it did not take very deep thought for her to realize that the boys were up to some mischief. When

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Arthur and Henry came in to supper mother said:

"Boys, you will want to play 'April Fool' tomorrow. I want to tell you how you can have a lot of fun in a way so new that no other boys in town will know about it."

Of course, Arthur and Henry were interested at once and mother revealed her plan to them.

Next morning the boys got up early. Now their father was a rich man, and he had a big glass house in which many kinds of flowers were growing, on almost every day in the year. With mother the boys went to the glass flower-house and selected a lot of beautiful blossoms. They wrapped them up, first in tissue paper and then in heavier paper, and then made huge, awkward-looking bundles out of the flowers by wrapping them in just dozens of newspapers. Then with a big bundle in each boy's arm, down the street they went. To everyone of their friends and playmates they met, both boys and girls, they said:

"Come on, we are going to have lots of fun: we are going to play April Fool on old Mrs. Hutchings."

Of course, the boys and girls all wanted to

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follow. Not that they had anything against poor old Mrs. Hutchings, who lived all alone in a little house with broken-down steps and a lot of funny newspaper pictures pasted up on the inside walls; but she was so queer that the children all knew it would be a great April Fool. Led by Art and Hen, they went to Mrs. Hutchings' house, knocked at the door, and made so much noise that the old lady had to come to see what it was all about. She was suspicious at once, so when the boys said: "Mrs. Hutchings, we've brought some nice presents for you in these packages," she said, "No you hain't! You don't fool me none: this is April first."

"Yes, Mrs. Hutchings," said Hen, "of course it's April first, but we want you to see what is in these bundles."

Mrs. Hutchings was not sure there was anything in the bundles. She believed that they were just bundles of paper and string; but if it would give the boys any fun to see her open the bundles, she would not spoil the joke. She got her scissors, sat down with the bundles in her lap, snipped the cords, and began to unwrap layer after layer of paper. She thought



All the children were saying: "April Fool. We fooled you."

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she would find an empty spool or a broken saucer, and she told the boys so. In a way she was a "reg'lar fellar," for she chatted with the boys as her packages were unrolled. You should have seen her face when those sweet-smelling roses and those equally fragrant sweet-peas lay glowing in her lap. It really was quite "funny" to the boys to see Mrs. Hutchings' mouth open and close just as if she were talking, and yet not uttering a sound. All the children were saying; "April Fool. We fooled you! You thought you were getting a broken saucer, and you have flowers. April Fool!"

"Yes, I *was* fooled; but it's a mighty nice way to be fooled," said old Mrs. Hutchings, when she found her voice; and something in that voice made the boys very happy.

You may not have hot-house flowers, but you can surprise your parents and friends, and make a happy "April Fool" by doing something to bring joy instead of sorrow, pleasure instead of pain.



THE TRAVELING CHRISTMAS PUDDING

SHURE, and there niver had been a more gloryus Christmas puddin'.

Ould Man Martoun himself had said so. And ould Woman Martoun knew it annyway, before the ould mon had said annything at all, at all. Shure, and hadn't she been saving up for it all these weeks and months,—a bit of sugar here, a bit of spice there, raisins, citron, flour, and salt? For with the land so poor, and himself getting ould and not able to do a hard day's work, annymore; and with the price of "everythin' goin' up that fasht it do beat smoke a-risin' ;" and with could weather making itself felt all over iverywhere, shure it was no aisy matter for a poor farmer's wife to save up for a Christmas puddin', was it now?

But here it was. Ould Man Martoun said it smelled betther'n a field full o' thim roses, now. It did look grand when it sat on the

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windy-seat, all trinked out with holly leaves and holly berries, and all.

Both ould Man Martoun and ould Woman Martoun were of the very salt of the earth, working hard and asking little of a grudging world. One son Timmy, they had had; what else could they name him, now, when his Riverence was named Timothy O'Gallagher, and was it not his Riverence who had married the young country-man and a neighbor's daughter, long ever go? Timmy Martoun had grow'd up, and one day marched off to the chune of bagpipes, and fife, and drum—and had niver come back. (Timmy's was one of the names people scan carelessly over the day's report in the papers, and remark—"Unimportant engagement yesterday in the Lille Sector: 20 killed, 260 wounded and missing.") Timmy was missing yet.

Thus, according to her mental grooves, her narrow life, and her golden Irish heart, was thinking ould Woman Martoun, the whilst she and her ould man sat looking at the steaming puddin'.

Golden as was the ould wife's heart, it had

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no very great advantage, in that way, over the ould man's. It was he who said it:

"Shure, and I be thinkin', now—there's Father O'Gallagher. He's an ould man; an' he was an handsome young praste when he tied us, long iver ago. An' there he be, at the priest's house, with that ould vinegar-face housekeeper."

"We'll invite him to come in an',"—

"Shure, and I be thinkin' now"—broke in ould Man Martoun,—"that his riv'rence wud choose to eat at his own table; and half o' that gloryus puddin' wud be such an ad-dor-rrnment to the priest's house bill o'fare—."

"And I'll not be sendin' me own praste a half o' no puddin'," ould Woman Martoun chimed in. And to cover her agitation—for she was torn between two great wishes, one to see ould Man Martoun eat the puddin', and the other to send it to her "praste."

The clergy triumphed over the laity in this case; and the dear, unselfish old people themselves bundled up the puddin' and conveyed it to "th' priest's house"—a name very pompous for the three-roomed stone house where dwelt

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the shepherd of the simple, hearty folk of that part of the country-side.

Father O'Gallagher scolded them gently for bringing a Christmas pudding to an old priest whose digestion was none too good, and whose gout was none too mild. But the "good mon" took the pudding, well knowing he couldn't give more pain to the old farmer and his wife than by refusing a gift, especially at Christmas time.

But when they were gone, Father O'Gallagher said to his housekeeper:

"Margret, could we not have a pudding of our own make—not so r-rich like; and not so big?"

"And this wan—shure an' it's enough for all the orphans!" said Margret. "And I'll be after makin' ye a Christmas puddin' of me own re-sate," she added.

"A noble idea, Margret," said the priest. "Two noble ideas!" he went on. "To send this big puddin' to the orphans, and to make one from your own plans and spificca-ations."

And since he knew he'd be better for a walk in the cold air, "His Riverence" put on his hat

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and coat, took the Christmas puddin' a-la-Martoun, and set out for the orphanage.

"Praise be!" was the pious ejaculation of Sister Bertha, mother-in-general, to about a dozen lusty young Irish—by the Grace of God fallen into good hands, too, let it be said. "Praise be! Here's Father O'Gallagher, with a present for the childer."

The good soul was not wholly moved, in her joyful greeting, by the sight of the Christmas puddin' itself. She was genuinely glad to greet the hearty and cheerful old priest. She thanked him for the puddin', and when he was gone she said to herself:

"It's a glorious puddin'; but what would it be among twelve hungry ones at Christmas time? So I'll be sending it on to the poor ould friar, down forninst the Ha'nted Mill. It'll be giving the friar a Christmas dinner ivery day for a week. And I'll just be after making enough puddin's for all the children to have all they want for one time. Praises be to the Saints—that gould piece the squire sent for the childers' Christmas will make it aisy."

So off to the friar's, down by the Ha'nted Mill, went Sister Bertha—while her own peat

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fires were boiling a cheaper, a larger, and no doubt a wholesomer pudding. With her went ould Woman Martoun's masterpiece, now become a peripatetic puddin'.

The friar scolded Sister Bertha for coming out in wintry weather just to bring a puddin' to an old friar who never ate puddin's, and would die of colic if he did. But Sister Bertha left the Martoun marvel with the old man, and went light-heartedly back to her daily (and hourly) dozen,—the orphans. Be it said just here that the orphans had smelled the puddin' a-boiling, and were famished.

"What would the likes o' me be doin' wid a Chris'mas puddin'?" the friar asked himself. "If I sh'u'd eat it, I'd be sick, shure. I'd take it to the orphans—but Sister Bertha just brought it from there. I'd take it to Father O'Gallagher, but he's as ould as I am, and I don't want to be party-seps criminis to a murder."

The pious old fellow went over in his mind all the people near and far, who might relish a Christmas pudding. Finally he got up, scraped together a few odds and ends, mixed them up, and set on a pot to boil.

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"I'll be having a Christmas puddin' of me own deevi-i-sin'," he said, "and if it's no good, I'll not die from indigestion at laste."

Then he took up the knight-errant puddin' and sallied forth. His walk was directed toward a small farmhouse, and as he went along you could have overheard him saying,

"And besides, there was Timmy! Niver a finer bhoy in all this country. Good fisherman, too, that Timmy! And now to be lyin' could and dead over in Rooshy—or somewhere."

The friar's feet pattered up before the door of—ould Man Martoun. His mission was soon made known. He was invited to stay and help eat the puddin'; but he made excuses that one of his own concoction was a-boiling, and away he went.

The ould Martouns were of a race notoriously quick of wit, and they had it all explained in a few minutes. They did not know all the places where their wandering puddin' had called, but they did know it had gone from one generous hand to another,—and all for good reasons.

As they sat down to partake of their migra-

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tory Christmas puddin', they had no way of knowing how it had multiplied itself as it went its cheerful way; and had left the Christmas spirit (and a puddin'-making spirit it was, too) everywhere it went.



TWO MOTHERS

HOWELL lived in that big house, with the beautiful flowers in the yard; and the high iron picket fence through which children loved to look at the green grass, the gay blooms, and the fountain which threw up a spray, often making a rainbow.

Dincky lived in Cigar Box Row, which might better have been called Trash Lane or Tin Can Alley. But its name was due to the size and shape and color of the houses: they looked like cigar boxes, piled up six or seven high. "Not much bigger than cigar boxes," people said. But, of course, that was untrue.

Dincky had just come in from selling papers, —for he belonged to the literary world: he yelled "Huxtry! All about de moider!" or "All about de big fiah," or something else like that, every afternoon and early evening.

Dincky's mother, Mrs. Rowan, was cooking supper; and whatever else she had on her stove, you could not overlook the fact that cabbage

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was on that evening's bill of fare in the Rowan "Cigar Box."

Mrs. Rowan was of the ample kind: she declared that once she had weighed only eighty-nine pounds,—but that must have been long ago. Dincky could not remember her as weighing anything under two hundred! Or was it three hundred? He wasn't sure.

Dincky was not a bad boy to his mother. He was obedient, and he brought home the pennies he made by selling papers. But tonight he was sad about something. Mrs. Rowan asked him several times:

"Pfwat's the matter now, Dincky? Shure, and ye do be lookin' loike yer losht all yez pa-apers; and was took sick in the stomick besides."

"Nuttin's de matter," Dincky insisted.

But his mother was not convinced. "He do be needin' a dost of ile," she stated, to no one in particular.

Dincky did have something on his mind. Some weeks before this gloomy return of Dincky to his cabbage-onion-soap-suds scented home, he had met Howell Arthur. Howell had come out of the big gate, and across the street

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to buy a paper. Howell was not a Little Lord Fauntleroy kind of boy. He was neatly and comfortably clothed, but his garments were the kind any other boy his age might wear,—if he had them to wear.

At first Dincky could not believe that Howell was other than the son of the cook in the big, fine house across the way. The boys began their acquaintance in the usual way: that is, Howell asked for a paper, and Dincky sold it to him as if he suspected Howell would run off without paying for it. Howell resented this, and said so. Dincky told Howell that he'd "knock his cocoanut off fer two cents." Howell said he'd gladly pay the two cents. Whereupon Dincky stated that as soon as the papers were sold, he'd earn that two cents. Howell asked to be given two minutes while he took the paper he had bought, in to his mother, and to get some other small business matters out of the way, then he'd come back and help Dincky sell his papers. Dincky thought this was an excuse on Howell's part to escape, and Dincky said so. But Howell by this time was halfway across the street, and may not have heard Dincky's base charge against his bravery. In five

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minutes Howell was back; he took half of Dincky's papers—and nearly took a blow from Dincky's fist as well, for he was not yet sure Howell meant to play fair.

"Hold on to your fist, buddy," said Howell, "till we get these papers sold; then we can go over into my dad's garage and have a jolly fight."

Dincky was too amazed to say another word about the "jolly fight." Howell proved a good salesman, and soon all the papers were sold. In a kind of daze Dincky entered the garage. The boys marked off a ring, and entered it. Dincky struck out hard at Howell, but that young fellow seemed made of air. He had ducked so quickly that Dincky missed him by several inches.

The details of the fight are not needed to tell this simple story. Let it be said that Dincky, born to the world of give-and-take, was unable to hit one good blow, for Howell had been given careful training in boxing, and he did not lose his temper. It was almost like a match game between two much older boys. Dincky's contempt had changed to ardent liking for the clean-hitting chap, and he said so:

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"Say, bo, you're the kitten's eyebrows with them sleep-givers of yourn."

Howell saw that Dincky meant "fists,"—for fists sometimes *do* put men to sleep. He thanked Dincky for the compliment, and invited him into the kitchen for a "bit of a snack."

Howell was on good terms with the cook, and that worthy man (Dincky had never thought of a man-cook before!) gave the boys each a glass of fruit lemonade and a platter of thin but delicious biscuits.

Thus began a friendship which had lasted all these weeks. Dincky had been taken into many parts of the great house. He had been duly introduced by Howell to Mrs. Arthur. That lady was a new kind of the mother-woman to Dincky. To his amazed eyes, the slim, trim, elegant, quiet-spoken woman was surely too young to be more than Howell's sister. But Howell called her mother and Dincky soon saw that she was too capable to be any young girl. She told Dincky, "I'm very glad that Howell has a nice boy like you to play with!"

"Nice boy!" thought Dincky. It would have made him "mad" for any boy to have said that.

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But he was so pleased to have Mrs. Arthur say it, that he turned red and hot; and inside his heart or mind he vowed that he'd be a nice boy. His efforts to speak the quiet language of the Arthur home were no doubt funny, but no one ever laughed at him. The truth is, he was in a house of rare culture and refinement, when he was with the Arthurs—and Howell saw to it that this was often.

Dincky had never told his mother one word of all this! It must be said, bad as it sounds, that Dincky could not help wishing his mother wasn't quite so—so fat! And that she wore pretty dresses! And that her voice were a few tones less harsh! And, too, he began to notice her rich Irish brogue! That anyone with Irish blood in his veins should ever be ashamed of an Irish brogue is hard to believe, but you must remember Dincky's new-found friends.

Howell had often asked Dincky about his own home, and his own people. Dincky would never tell him anything. Howell even offered, more than once, to go home with Dincky, but that always so upset Dincky that his sensitive friend would see the alarm in the Irish eye of

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the lad from Cigar Box Row, and would drop the subject.

Neither could Howell get his friend to talk about his mother. No boy was ever better bred than Howell, but he was a boy, and full of curiosity. He asked:

"Are you an orphan, Dincky?"

"No."

"Both parents living?"

"No."

"Mother dead?"

"No."

Evidently Dincky's mother was a widow; and equally evidently Dincky did not want to speak about her.

Howell told his mother all about it, and she said:

"Tell Dincky that tomorrow afternoon we'll take him home in our auto. I'll go and call on Mrs. Rowan; for I'd like to know the mother of such a hard-working, honest boy."

This information, when given to Dincky, was what had upset him so much. He had gone home in misery; had climbed dismal stairs in misery; had looked on the poor furnishings

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of his mother's kitchen-dining-room-parlor with a shudder.

But there was no way out of it. Dincky had to sell his papers; and that corner was his place of business. After a time he told Mrs. Rowan, in back-hand fashion, that she must be ready next day for a "swell" lady to call on her.

Mrs. Rowan was not greatly impressed. It was only after she had drawn the whole story—"hind-part before"—from Dincky, that the full glory began to burst upon her.

"Glory be! And ain't it a mercy now, that me green frock with red trimmin's is all laundered! Won't the O'Harahans open their eyes whin they do be seein' a limberseen a-stop-pin' in the strate!"—and so on, to the heart's content of the good woman.

But if Mrs. Rowan was happy, Dincky was miserable. Can you believe a boy is ever ashamed of his mother? Well, that was what was the matter with Dincky. Mrs. Arthur, he thought, must know we are poor,—for I'd not be selling papers for my health; but she don't know how big and noisy my mother is,—and so on, to *his* heart's complete discontent.

THE PRINCE AND THE PIG'S GATE

How he lived through the night, and the next day, Dincky never knew. He hoped something would happen to the car, to the chauffeur, to Mrs. Arthur! But nothing went wrong, and at half-past five the two boys had sold all the papers, and out came a big, shiny car. Down the Avenue they rode. The chauffeur had the address: "No. 63, Oakview Street,"—for that was the official name of Cigar Box Row.

Long before their arrival, Mrs. Rowan was ready to receive her guests. The blue cups were on the table. The four spoons had been polished up. The brown tea-pot was waiting. The tea was on boiling! Mrs. Rowan never wasted tea by putting it into a pot, pouring boiling water over it, etc. Her tea *was* tea. One teaspoonful of Mrs. Rowan's brew would equal a pot of the kind society ladies palmed off on fashionable afternoon callers on the Avenue. There were cakes, home-made, heavy, sticky, and guaranteed to "stay by you." But why tell it all? Mrs. Rowan had "spread herself" (an unnecessary act), and her green dress with red trimmings shone like Solomon in all his glory, and more so.

TWO MOTHERS

What language can picture the pride of Mrs. Rowan, as she welcomed Mrs. Arthur; the misery of Dincky, as he noted the vast difference between the dresses, the colors, and the size of his mother and Howell's; the quiet air of ease and friendliness which Mrs. Arthur brought into the room? In a daze, Dincky found himself drinking strong tea and listening to Howell say that the sticky cakes were "fine."

What words can narrate the glories of that afternoon to Mrs. Rowan? If that worthy woman made the very smallest breach of social usage, Mrs. Arthur was the last lady in the city to have noticed it. The truth is, she was enjoying the afternoon quite as much as Mrs. Rowan, but in a different way.

But all things must come to an end. Mrs. Rowan insisted on accompanying her callers to the "kyhar" (automobile), and of course, Dincky went, too.

On the way down, Howell said: "Your mater's all right, Dinck! She certainly gave us some good cakes." He didn't know what else to say—but he was in earnest. The honest

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Irish woman had won his admiration; and her genuine wit had made his mother laugh heartily a dozen times.

"Good-bye, now, to ye. An' do be comin' to see us again, Missis Arthur!" said Mrs. Rowan, in a tone that everybody in the "Row" heard. Then, nearly bursting with pride, she went up the stairs—while Mrs. Arthur beckoned to Dincky and said:

"Your mother's just grand, Dincky! I'm going to have her over to see our housekeeper—who is Irish too—some day, before long."

So that was that. They had come and gone, and the heavens had not fallen. The Arthurs had acted as if they were used to Cigar Box Row, and Mrs. Arthur had praised Mrs. Rowan. Dincky was sorry he had ever been ashamed of his mother. In fact, he suddenly thought:

"Have my mother call on her housekeeper! Well, if Mrs. Rowan goes with the consent of her son Dincky, it'll not be to call on servants!"

You see, you never can please everybody all the time, in every way. But you can rejoice that a boy came to see that his mother was a woman to be proud of, even if she did wear

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green dresses edged with red; and that even if she did cook cabbages and onions as a daily practice, she could on occasions, fix up a tea with cakes that even a Howell Arthur had to praise.



CARTER TOOMBS AND THE COLLEGE GIRLS

CARTER TOOMBS was very proud of his new uniform. It was a beautiful blue-grey, and fitted Carter's lithe sixteen-year-old body in the most pleasing way. There was a blue forage-cap too, for the military school in which Carter was a cadet made much of clinging to old customs and somewhat old-fashioned costumes.

Mrs. Toombs, a widow with two daughters and a son to rear and to educate, had moved to Athenia, Virginia, when Carter was thirteen. During the first year of their stay in Athenia, Carter had been tutored to enter the Athenia Military Institute. And now for two years he had worn the beautiful—if somewhat old-fashioned—uniform of the A. M. I.

Carter was proud even without the uniform of the A. M. I. He was a very sensitive young fellow, and shy where girls and young women were concerned. The pride and the shyness of

TOOMBS AND THE COLLEGE GIRLS

his nature made it especially distasteful, even painful to him to be seen engaged in any form of "manual labor." Once while chopping weeds in his mother's little garden—at the urgent request of the mother herself—he was horrified to look up and see a bevy of young girls strolling along, pretending not to recognize Carter at his labors.

The young fellow had some small successes to his credit, which made less painful to him the very meagre family purse. After he had been one full "term" in A. M. I., he was promoted from "private" to "third corporal." Now, at the beginning of his third year in the Institute, his shining new uniform was decorated as to sleeve with the "stripes" which told any interested and well-informed observer that the wearer was no less a dignitary than First Sergeant.

Carter was certain that no one else made such a military-looking officer as Captain Tallcott, the Commandant of cadets and the head of the Institute. Every fellow in the Institute secretly or openly worshipped the handsome, up-standing, soldierly man who was lord and master in the realm of the A. M. I. And Captain Tall-

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cott was worthy of all the praise and worship he received. He was of a fine old Southern family—no small item in the estimation of the community and state from which the Institute drew its patronage—clean-minded, capable, courteous, and, with it all, firm and strict in discipline. Captain Tallcott was the idol of the cadets, and the admired of all admirers amongst the local mammas and papas of Athenia and vicinity.

The city having the name with the Greek flavor was one of the loveliest of a state which does not have to bow to many, if any, in the cleanliness, orderliness, and simple beauty of its urban communities. But Athenia's chief claim to glory, and the chief reason why widows like Mrs. Toombs with children to educate, were attracted to "these classic shades" was that here a proud state had located a college for girls as well as the Military Institute for boys. Scores of such families had moved into Athenia, as had Mrs. Toombs, and had educated the children on little if anything above a bare subsistence, by dint of great economy, and proud refusal to show any other than a brave and smiling demeanor.

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All the chores of daily life had to be done by members of the family in the Toombs home. One of the most detested and abhorred of all that fell upon Carter was to be sent to the "stores" for supplies. Athenia did everything according to long custom, and one of these was that every store, office, and other public place must be grouped at the very centre of the town. The inhabitants who lived on the outer parts of the town had to walk a mile or more to purchase a pound of steak, a spool of thread, a newspaper or a book. What made the public humiliation of being seen carrying home an armful of groceries more terrible to Carter than anything else, was that he was compelled to pass by the Girls' College.

Poor chap, he had suffered much on many occasions, in passing the long white-picket fence which marked off the sacred southern boundary of the spacious college yards. Every window in the buildings seemed to stare out at him with scornful eyes which said, "There goes that Toombs boy, carrying groceries for some one;—a job for negroes and poor white trash. He's a disgrace to his uniform." Carter was over-sensitive, but he knew his own people, and

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was not so very far wrong in his belief about the social snobbery of the Girls' College of Athenia.

The great humiliation came on a sparkling autumn afternoon when he was hurrying homeward with several bundles and parcels, and a kerosene-oil can. It was a two-gallon can, and it reeked of the oil most vilely. Carter was sure its scent would make every snobbish little nose in the College sniff and then elevate itself in scorn. Then came the worst part of all the test; just as he was to pass along the picket-fence barrier, he saw to his horror that the lawn was covered with the girls, all dressed in their gayest and flimsiest finery. They were having a lawn-party. Among them, fairest amongst the fair, black hair shining and gleaming in the sunlight, Carter caught the vision of visions, Claire Beecham. He was near dying from mortification that he must pass in review, arms full of parcels, and in his hand a kerosene can! Yes; Claire's dark eyes were flashing in his direction. Carter wished all bacon, all rice, all sugar, all butter, and especially all kerosene were in China. It was terrible. There was, to ordinary folk, about five hundred feet of

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College frontage and picket fence: to Carter that afternoon, there were endless miles of it. He could see the white pickets stretching out to the end of space, and himself walking by them for all eternity, carrying bacon and kerosene, while every girl in Virginia stared with haughty coldness at him.

He felt his head swim, his knees begin to give way, and his feet to tangle up, as Claire gave him one full-eyed, cold stare, over her be-frilled shoulder. Laugh, you folks who lived your "teens" in other states and other times; yes, laugh! But it was no matter for humor to poor Carter. He was being tortured by his imagination, but a part of what he thought and feared was only too true. He could be, and probably would be, socially ostracized for far less than "totin' a kariseen can, like a nigger boy."

Just as the last of his life was ebbing away—judging by the way he felt,—a strong hand caught on his elbow, steadying him. A voice which to Carter was grander than that of Demosthenes, or Patrick Henry, or Colonel Travers (last named, a local orator, once occupying for a term or two a seat in the State Legislature)—a rich manly voice said:

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"Rather over-loaded, Toombs, aren't you? I'm going your way, and will help you carry these things for your mother."

Already Captain Tallcott had taken that accursed kerosene can in one fine hand, and with the other reached for the parcel containing the bacon. All in full view of the college girls! All where Claire Beecham could see! Captain Tallcott! Well, no one could turn his chin up at Captain Tallcott! One of the oldest families! Came over with the Lees and the Randolphs! Rich! A governor or two, a few generals, and no end of great people!

Yes, Captain Tallcott, from his place of secure social standing, had lifted Carter Toombs from the depths of despair to the heights of triumph. He had borne Carter's kerosene can and carried Carter's bacon. And First Sergeant Carter Toombs, Company B., A. M. I., had learned that true nobility is not afraid to serve.



THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN JACK

CAPTAIN JACK HORTON bade the members of his family good-bye. His ship was the fine three-masted schooner *Dorothy*. That was Mrs. Horton's name, and there was a little Dorothy, too. Jack Junior was eight, and Miriam just past three.

The *Dorothy* was bound for Rio, and after that she was to sail around the Horn, make Valparaíso, and later come up to San Francisco. The weather was a bit rough when they left Gloucester, but each day as they sailed south, it improved. They crossed the equator, and sailed on to Rio. There they took on a load of coffee and then away they went, bounding over the south Atlantic. They made time almost as if they were running by steam instead of sail.

After they had rounded the Horn, and were sailing north, out in the Pacific, they ran into the worst storm Captain Jack had ever seen. For days they had all the sails furled, but con-

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tinued to run before the southeast wind, until they were blown far out of their course. It would be hard to imagine all that took place on the *Dorothy* in those terrible days. The skies were full of heavy, dark, scudding clouds, and the sea roared with huge foaming waves. When they had been driven eleven days, the weather seemed to get worse instead of better. Captain Jack decided to put up the small top-sails, and try to make away from the direct course of the wind, which had already blown them many hundreds of miles from their course.

It was a ticklish job for the sailors to get the sails in place, but the captain persuaded the men to unfurl the sails even though it was at the risk of their lives. As it turned out, this was not the best thing to do, for shortly after some sail had been spread, and the captain was trying to pull his ship out of the direct path of the storm, there came the biggest, heaviest wave you can imagine. The tops of the masts swayed like wheat stalks, and with the shock of this big wave, and the fierce drive of the gale, two of the masts broke off, and the sailors had to cut away the rigging, and let them fall

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into the sea. Before they could take in the sail on the other mast, it too, broke off about halfway up. One of the men was struck and knocked over-board.

They tried their best to rescue the poor fellow, but he was never seen again. The next day, the storm went down a little, but the schooner was nearly helpless. The captain decided to set up a shift of a sail on the broken stump of the mast, and to make for the west. It was at this time that the men decided to mutiny. They wanted to go on, believing they were not far from Hawaii. Captain Jack refused to follow the wishes of the men, and one of them slipped up behind him; and before the captain knew what was intended, bound him hand and foot. Then the sailors put him, with two other men who had not joined in the mutiny, in an open boat, and set them adrift. They gave them a very small amount of food and water, and the last Captain Jack saw of the *Dorothy*, a big sailor was at the helm, and his ship was once more headed with the wind.

I may as well tell you now that the *Dorothy* was lost somewhere. She was never heard of again.

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The two men in the boat with the captain were not bound, and they soon released the captain. Then they used all their skill to keep their small craft from filling with water and going down. That night, in the darkness, they struck a coral reef. The small craft was lifted up as if it were a chip, and turned over, and the three men thrown into the sea.

Captain Jack was a good swimmer, but the heavy seas dashed him against a rock, and he lost consciousness. When he awoke, he was lying, wet and cold, and so sore he could hardly move, on a flat, sandy beach. He crawled farther up on the sand, and again fainted. When he came back to consciousness, it was mid-afternoon, and the sun was very hot. He was sick and weak, and thought he was about to die. He had in his pocket a small bottle which contained dried milk tablets, against just such a day as this. He opened the bottle and put a tablet in his mouth. It was so dry and his mouth so dry, he could not swallow it. His thirst made him get up and crawl around to hunt for water. I do not know how he found it, but he came to a small stream running into the sea. The water did not taste good, but as

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It was not sea water, he drank a little and ate a second milk tablet.

He took off his clothes, spread them on a rock to dry, and lay in the warm sand to rest. It was dark, when he awoke, and he felt much better.

I need not tell you how he lived on the island, but I should tell you that he explored it, and found it a very small one, with no one else living on it. He discovered that to the north lay a much larger island that looked as if it were inhabited. He had no matches, and could not make a fire as the Indians used to do by rubbing sticks together. If he could only get to the other island, he might find his way back to America. But he was helpless; the distance was too great for him to swim, he had no boat, no tools with which to cut.

One of the two men in the boat with him had been drowned, and the other had gotten back to the overturned boat. He had seen his companions, Captain Jack and the other sailor, washed away, and believed them both drowned. A wave had righted the boat, and he had crawled back into it. The storm went down, and the next day he was rescued by a small

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tramp steamer which had also been driven from its course. After many days he saw again his native land, and made his way back home to Gloucester. There he called on Captain Jack's family and told them his sad story.

Mrs. Horton and the children wept, but they refused to give up as dead the one they loved so much. Every day they all prayed for the safe return of Captain Jack.

Meanwhile, this is what was happening on Captain Jack's island. He had to suffer from hunger, and was often sick. The few milk tablets were soon used up, and there was no vegetation on the island. He was compelled to live on shell fish. These he ate raw, and without seasoning other than a dash of sea water.

One night the sea grew very still and glassy. He could see the stars on its surface as clear as he could see them in the sky. There was a stifling odor like burning sulphur in the air. He tried to sleep, but could not. Towards midnight, he heard deep and terrible rumblings, as if the earth were boiling with internal fires. Perhaps it was. After a short time the little island began to rock like a cradle. To Captain

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Jack's horror, a part of the island to the south, slipped away from the rest, and shuffled down into the sea. Far to the north he heard waters roaring and splashing, as if mighty waves were breaking on sand. I need not tell all that happened in that wild, mad night. Captain Jack was really afraid the entire little island would sink into the waters. When the sun rose, everything had changed. There stretched from what had been his island-prison to the larger land northward a shining isthmus of sand and shell. You may be sure he lost no time in crossing. There were some places where he had to wade a little, but it was no trouble at all to get across.

The land which had looked to be a larger island proved to be many miles across. There were people living upon it, and he was taken care of—for the people had already been visited by good white men, and had learned to help them, not hurt them. These people told him that ships sometimes touched their island. He was very happy at the thought that some day he could get passage and go back to his family. But he was compelled to wait a long time before a chance vessel appeared.

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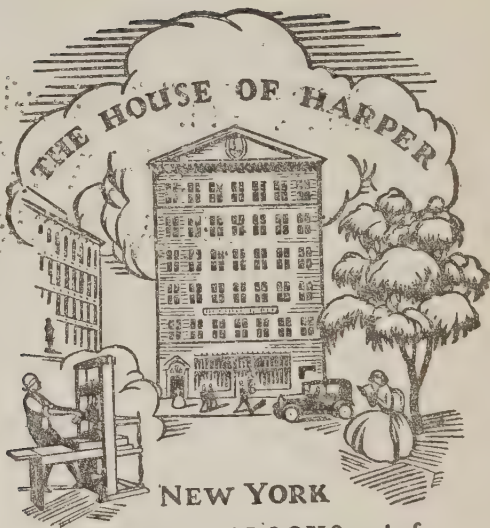
Though it had been more than a year, the little family back in Gloucester had not given up hope that some day they would hear from daddy. It was Easter time, and everyone was talking about what new clothes they were to have—all except the Horton children and their mother. The Easter season made them think of what Easter should make all of us think: of the resurrection of Christ in the long ago, and of the resurrection he has promised to us. Taught by their mother, the children prayed that God would bring them back their dear daddy.

Easter morning fell that year early in April, and you never saw a fairer morning. How beautiful was the azure sky! How the sea sparkled and shimmered! How crisp the air!

Captain Jack Horton had arrived at Boston the night before, too late to get home until the first morning train. He had had to work his way home, going west by way of Japan, China, the Indian Ocean, the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic. He had had time to get back his health and to earn money; he brought little gifts for each of the children. But what did the children care for little gifts

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when they had the big gift of their daddy back again? Mrs. Horton cried and the children laughed, and Captain Jack hugged them all so hard that they were afraid their ribs would break—and not one of them would have complained much if a rib or two had been cracked! It was such a happy day that they almost forgot to eat, and neither Mrs. Horton nor the children forgot to thank God for bringing back, as if from death, the husband and father, Captain Jack.



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